

HERMSPRONG;

O R,

MAN AS HE IS NOT.



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O R,

MAN AS HE IS NOT.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MAN AS HE IS.

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Nescis, insane, nescis, quantas vires virtus habeat. Quam illa
ardentes amores excitaret sui, si videretur.

Maxima autem culpa in eo est, qui, et veritatem aspernatur, et in
fraudem obsequio impellitur.

Assentatio vitiorum adjutrix, procul amoveatur; quæ, non modò
amico, sed ne libero quidem digna est.

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HERMSPRONG.

CHAP. I.

OF the conversation that passed between our fair friends, at this their first interview, little has come to my knowledge. Towards the close of it, Miss Campinet said, "You see, my dear Maria, the state of things with us, and the causes of my father's displeasure. All I have to do, is to submit, and comfort myself with the reflection that

I have not incurred it by any indecorums, or any contumacy of my own."

"Yes," Miss Fluart answered, "there is great consolation in being whipped for having been good. But let us leave unnatural fathers, and talk of natural things. You allow that this Mr. Hermsprong is very handsome?"

"I did not say so, Maria. I am no judge of the very handsome in men."

"Have you any disorder in your eyes, my dear?"

"No; I have seen him too little, notwithstanding, to determine so important a point."

"They say of us, that we decide this at a single glance."

"I have had more cause to think of his bravery than his beauty; and I have thought of his benevolence more than of either. One might almost call him the guardian angel of the poor."



"Yes,

"Yes, of poor young women, who are going to take imprudent leaps, either into matrimony, or down crags. For the rest, his charities are whims, I suppose, or vanities, as most charities are."

"One would imagine, Maria, you were a pupil of Mandeville."

"I have not the honour to know the gentleman; but one looks and compares, and so one draws conclusions."

"Not very candidly, I think."

"That is as God pleases, child; one draws them how one can."

"Well, my dear Maria, howsoever you may draw your conclusions here, let me entreat you to spare your wit in my father's presence; and do not needlessly irritate Mrs. Stone."

"Surely, Caroline, you think I have no discretion; I, who love so well peace and plum-pudding."

When summoned to dinner, the ladies found in the dining apartment Lord Grondale and the Rev. Dr. Blick. His Lordship

appeared in good humour, and said, " Sit down, ladies—sit down, Doctor ; Mrs. Stone will be here presently."

Miss Campinet took her accustomed place, the gentlemen their's.

" Oh," says Miss Fluart, " it is I then who am to do the honours of the table ; upon my word, this is a new etiquette."

Then taking Mrs. Stone's chair, she called upon the Doctor, with great gravity, for grace. But in the Doctor's sensorium there must have been some little confusion ; for instead of, Lord bless and preserve, he began with, Lord have mercy upon us. Lord Grondale frowned at his daughter, as if suspecting this a contrivance betwixt them ; Miss Campinet, much flurried, said, " My dear, you have mistook ; that is Mrs. Stone's chair."

" Oh dear !" cried this volatile lady, " I wish Mrs. Stone was either Lady Grondale
or

or not; one shall be always making mistakes."

Miss Campinet blushed at this specimen of her friend's discretion; Lord Grondale looked ugly; the Doctor did not know how to look. A little Mrs. Stone relieved this embarrassment by now taking her place. The Doctor mumbled something that passed for grace. Pythagoras might have presided at dinner, so little was there a want of silence.

The whole of things not being to the taste of the young ladies, they withdrew as soon as possible. Lord Grondale followed them to the door with his eye, and then said, "Don't you think, Doctor, the world vastly improved since you and I were boys?"

Had the Doctor only heard this question, he would have answered, Undoubtedly, my Lord; but he saw it too, and his reply was a no—of no small tone and emphasis.

“A fine thing, this commerce, Doctor; it doubles production, and enlarges all sorts of qualities but good ones. I can remember when young ladies were something more civil, and something less impertinent than now. I can remember when they paid visits only when invited by the master of the house; and when they would have thought it indecent to have affronted even their inferiors. Now their superiors cannot escape; for, in point of family, Mrs. Stone is Miss Fluart’s superior. The girl is a child of commerce, and thinks, to be young, to be a hoyden, and to have a fortune, excuses every thing. What is it to her who I chuse to do the honours of my table at my own house? But I suppose there may have gone abroad a rumour, that Mrs. Stone and I, disregarding ceremony, have chosen to live together as man and wife. And whence such rumour? Why, because I acknowledge Mrs. Stone’s merit, and treat her with the attention she deserves. Even were it so, Doctor—”

“Oh,

"Oh, my Lord!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone, "I beg the supposition may not be made."

"For argument's sake only," his Lordship answered. "What more should we do than imitate the patriarchs? Doctor, can that be sin?"

"No," answered the obliging Doctor; "no, my Lord; on the contrary, I maintain that it is to the leaving their simple manners, that the present degenerate races of mankind owe so much of vice and misery."

"Very true, Doctor. And what, pray, is con—con—I believe we must borrow a word from the Latin; for when the vulgar use a word, they always contaminate the idea. I ask, then, what is consuetudinage but marriage without forms? And what are forms? Rules—rather than laws—of civil policy, which it may be sometimes expedient to comply withal, and sometimes not."

"Howsoever," said Mrs. Stone, "this sort of marriage may be convenient and agreeable to men, to women it is good for little but to subject them to insult and contempt."

"Trifles," his Lordship replied, "beneath a sensible woman's notice."

"Very sensible women, my Lord, may not chuse to lose their reputation."

"Amongst silly people," said his Lordship, "a reputation lost is often a reputation got."

"Yes, my Lord, amongst those who are degraded themselves."

"There are situations of this sort, Mrs. Stone," said his Lordship, with a little air of pride, "which do not merit the name of degradation."

"I know of none, my Lord."

"It was not always, Madam, you viewed things in this light."

"This is another blessing of the situation your Lordship is pleased to praise. If simple women complain, they are ordered to look
back

back upon their folly, even by those to whom they have made the greatest of all sacrifices."

"Upon my honour, ladies are not wanting to themselves when they estimate the value of their favours."

"I do not see," said Mrs. Stone, looking at the Doctor, "how they can be rated too high, if, as the clergy tell us, we risk Heaven by them."

"The cant of Methodists!" said his Lordship. "The Church of England has more liberal notions;—has she not, Doctor?"

In his appeals to Dr. Blick, Lord Grondale was seldom disappointed; nor had he now reason to complain, except of prolixity;—for the learned divine, having, at great length, explained how marriage and consuetudinage existed together in patriarchal times, proved that what was right then could not be wrong now; and that it was scarce possible a Lord should be wrong at any time.

With the Doctor's conclusions Lord Grondale was better satisfied than Mrs. Stone, who did not see in them any towards advancing her to the dignity of Lady Grondale.

Lord
Mrs.
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CHAP. II.

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WHEN the fair friends had reached their apartment, Miss Campinet began a tender expostulation with Miss Fluart, entreating her not to indulge her vivacity on improper occasions.

“ In pity to me, my dear,” she concluded, “ you should restrain your lively genius. Lord Grondale is my father ; he may have his failings, but is it fit for a daughter to see

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them ?

IAP.

them? In short, my dear Maria, he is my father; I say every thing in that."

Miss Fluart, with composed gravity, answered, "Yes, my dear—that—that sanctifies him."

"How can you, Maria, so pervert my meaning? I refer to the duty I owe; a duty which forbids my giving him offence."

"Very true, child," Miss Fluart replied, with continued gravity. "Yes, about this high transcendent duty—yes, it is all true. Pray, my dear, did you ever hear, or see in the dictionary the word reciprocity? I assure you, the politicians make great rout about it."

"My dear Miss Fluart, I cannot bargain with my father."

"I dare say not, Caroline; unless the bargain is all on his side. Mrs. Stone, too—a very reverend person,—almost like a mother; it is possible she may have failings; but it is not necessary to see them."

"For

"For me, it is not, Maria. She has good qualities."

"Oh, yes, quite useful to Lord Grondale; a sort of necessary person, who keeps naughty people of fashion from disturbing his Lordship's domain, and so preserves the dear daughter of her adoption from the vices of a dissipated age, and the contagion of bad example. And of good, too—some people would say; and would ask whether this was a proper situation for Miss Campinet, the daughter and heiress of Lord Grondale; the favourite of Nature as well as Fortune; whom women pity, and men want to adore; debarred from society, and the common pleasures of life, by pure paternal affection. Oh Caroline!"

Miss Fluart's vivacity here yielded to her tenderness. She shed tears, and with tears Miss Campinet answered.

"If crying would do," said Miss Fluart, recovering her usual tone, "what wonders might

might we not be able to effect. But it is spirit we want."

"I own I have it not."

"It is the more necessary, then, you should be under the protection of one who has. I shall take you under mine. I find myself qualified to be school-mistress, to father Lords, who have only learned to love themselves."

"I must advertise you, my dear, that my father is rather irritable."

"You need not, Caroline; I know this."

"When angry, Maria, he may 'not be perfectly polite."

"Will he beat me, Caroline?"

"No,—not that, I hope; but he has a way of talking sometimes not quite agreeable to all sorts of people."

"Yes, and so have I. We shall agree prodigiously."

"I imagine it may come into his mind to say, 'Miss Fluart, I am accustomed to be treated with proper respect every where; in my own house I think it indispensable. If

you



you cannot prevail upon yourself to comply with this state of things, I shall be happy to see you at Grondale Hall when you have overcome this little difficulty."

"To which," said Miss Fluart, "I answer, 'My dear Lord Grondale, surely when I endeavour to correct any little errors you may fall into from a small acerbity of temper, I pay your Lordship the most proper respect imaginable. But if your Lordship happens, from weakness of understanding, to think otherwise, I am willing to oblige you, provided I may take my pupil with me. She has not quite fallen into your Lordship's error of judgment; she does not yet think herself absolutely infallible; though I must own she is rather too much like her father. But you know, my Lord, I have undertaken to make her wise, docile, and prudent, like myself.'"

"Very well," Miss Campinet answered; "this must succeed with Lord Grondale. That error of judgment, and weakness of understanding, are the most conciliating expressions imaginable."

“ If my tongue does now and then make a little wound, I can heal it with my eyes. Then I can stroke him, and say, Pray, pray, and, for a last emergency, kiss him : this, I know, is irresistible.”

“ You know, Maria ?”

“ Yes, with elderly gentlemen ; you do not imagine I would venture upon so desperate an expedient with a young one ?”

“ No, Maria, I do not.”

“ No, indeed ; and moreover, I must tell you a secret ; but you must not reveal it, nor whisper it even to the reeds.”

“ Bless me ! is it of such importance ? I die to know it.”

“ No, don't die ; I will sooner trust you. Attend : young men are my aversion.”

“ Aversion !”

“ Yes, indeed, and judge if I have not cause : they have absolutely made me sick of flattery, once the most palatable of all food. I fear I never shall endure it again.”

“ I dare say you will, my dear, with a little wholesome abstinence. Of what species  
may

may be the culprits who have reduced you to so sad a state?"

"Soldiers in red coats, and sailors in blue. If you are for love and leanness, I recommend one of the former. If you chuse intervals betwixt your love fits, one of the latter. There are creatures too, called bucks. Did you ever see a buck, Caroline? Not the tame creature of the park, or the forest, but the wild buck of London or Paris; an animal which bounds over all fences; breakfasts in London; dines at Newmarket; devotes six days and nights to the fields of sport, of hazard, and champagne; and having done all that he has to do, that is, lost his money, returns to town, to the arms of his fair Rosabella; dozes away forty-eight hours between love and compunction; awakes; damns all impertinent recollections; sends for an Israelite; signs, and is again a buck. It is a terrible siege I have sustained from one of these. There was treachery in the garrison, caused by a present cockade and a distant coronet. I have held out, notwithstanding—

withstanding, and at length escaped to take refuge with you."

"You are welcome, my dear," Miss Campinet replied, "and I hope safe. This animal, I suppose, is not bred in these parts, for I have never seen one; and indeed I dislike the description so much, that I hope I never shall."

"If you could get into a convent, Caroline, or if you never move from these silent precincts, it is just possible. The creatures are, at present, in a state of vast multiplication; every noble and genteel family begets one or more. But begging your delicacy's pardon, they have their attractions."

When young ladies chuse to philosophize upon attraction, they are unusually eloquent; and their ideas flow with a velocity with which few pens are able to keep pace. Mine flags, and admonishes me to end the chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP III.  
  


"GRANT," said Glen, "that we have been in a progressive state of improvement for some centuries, and that the Aborigines of America have not."

"I allow your progressive state," Mr. Hermsprong answered; "and if you will have it, that all is improvement, be it so. You have built cities, no doubt, and filled them full of improvement, if magnificence  
be



be improvement ; and of poverty also, if poverty be improvement. But our question, my friend, is happiness, comparative happiness ; and until you can trace its dependance upon wealth, it will be in vain for you to boast your riches."

" It appears to me," said the Reverend Mr. Woodcock, " that we have all the requisites for happiness which the untaught races of mankind have, with the addition of all that can be extracted from art and science."

" This," said Glen, " appears to me an uncontrovertible argument."

" And perhaps is so," Mr. Hermsprong replied ; " but of this addition your common people cannot avail themselves. Generally speaking, if unoppressed by labour or poverty, have you observed in this rank a deficiency of those pleasurable sensations, which, we agree, constitute happiness ?"

" No," said Glen ; " no," said the parson, " I think not."

" It

“ It should seem, Mr. Hermsprong said, “ that Nature in her more simple modes, is unable to furnish a rich European with a due portion of pleasurable sensations. He is obliged to have recourse to masses of inert matter, which he causes to be converted into a million of forms, far the greatest part solely to feed that incurable craving known by the name of vanity. All the arts are employed to amuse him, and expel the *tedium vite*, acquired by the stimulus of pleasure being used till it will stimulate no more ; and all the arts are insufficient. Of this disease, with which you are here so terribly afflicted, the native Americans know nothing. When war and hunting no more require their exertions, they can rest in peace. After satisfying the more immediate wants of nature, they dance, they play ;—weary of this, they bask in the sun, and sing. If enjoyment of existence be happiness, they seem to possess it ; not indeed so high raised as your’s sometimes, but more continued, and more uninterrupted.”

“ In

“ In this comparison, Sir,” said Mr. Woodcock, “ you seem to have forgot our greatest pleasures, those drawn from intellect.”

“ They also have exertion of intellect,” Mr. Hermsprong replied. “ Their two grand occupations require much of it, in their way; and who, think you, make their songs? They have, indeed, a different mode of using their understandings, and a less variety of subjects; but our point is happiness. I know not that they derive less from intellect than you.”

“ Do they read?” Mr. Glen asked.

“ They do not,” replied Hermsprong.

“ You do,” said Glen. “ Would you give up the pleasure you derive from this, for any pleasure these people have?”

“ No,” Mr. Hermsprong answered, “ I would not. Reading is, as it were, a part of my existence; but, when with those people, my hours of reading were their's of evening sport. My pleasure was perhaps more exquisite; their's more lively. They ended with a salutary weariness, which disposed them

to

to sound repose ; I, with head-ach perhaps, and with a yawning lassitude that disposed me to sleep, indeed, and also to dream. But in reality, is reading all pleasure ? or is it pleasure to all ? Are there not amongst you, who read because they have nothing else to do ? to pass, without absolute inaction, those hours which must be endured before the wonted hours of pleasure arrive ? Or, is reading all profit ? Is knowledge the sure result ? Your contradictory disputations, eternal as it should seem, in politics, in religion, nay even in philosophy, are they not calculated rather to confound than enlighten the understanding ? Your infinite variety, does it not tend to render you superficial ? And was it not justly said by your late great moralist, ‘ Every man now has a mouthful of learning, but nobody a bellyful ?’ In variety of knowledge, the Aborigines of America are much your inferiors. What they do know, perhaps they know better. But we are wandering from our original question, from happiness to the *cui bono.*”

“ And



“ And is there,” said Glen, “ no pleasure without a drawback, which you can allow us to enjoy in a superior manner ? Not love, for example ?”

“ Of this,” said Mr. Hermsprong, smiling, “ I am little qualified to speak. I left America before I could well fall in love according to nature, and have not yet learned all the refinements which constitute its value in Europe. All I have observed is, that you are not satisfied with it in the simple way in which our American Indians possess it. With you the imagination must be raised to an extraordinary height ; I might almost say, set on fire : and this you perform by dress, by concealments, and by sentiment, like sugar treble refined. But I repeat, this is a subject on which I cannot speak.”

“ So well, perhaps, as Mr. Glen,” said Mr. Woodcock, “ who has indeed sustained some of its rudest shocks.”

This sally of the parson's rendering Mr. Hermsprong curious, Glen was under the  
neces-



necessity of giving a summary of his life, much in the manner he has previously given it to his readers ; who will remember the share a Mrs. Garnet, of Lime, had in it ; her misfortunes, and subsequent distress. Mr. Hermsprong, on whom the relation of the misery of others had a saddening power, became more particular in his enquiries respecting this venerable lady ; but when he learned that she was the aunt, the neglected aunt of Lord Grondale, his eyes flashed fire ; he became at once thoughtful and silent ; and being now near the village, they separated for that day.

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## CHAP IV.

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ON the next morning Hermsprong came to Mr. Glen's apartments, and found him writing to Mrs. Garnet, in answer to a letter lately received from her, written not in the whining manner of a mind sunk and debased by calamity, but with a dignified sorrow which seemed to think complaint beneath it.

“But,”

"But," said Hermsprong, when he had read this letter, "for the honour of human nature, I hope Lord Grondale knows not of this."

"It is," replied Glen, "a rule in that noble house never to suffer the mention in it of a name which has been supposed to degrade it. Most willingly his Lordship would not have known; but Mrs. Garnet herself wrote him an account of her situation when she had recovered from the violence of her first grief. This letter not being honoured with the least notice, the good lady, whose mind, softened by sorrow, turned with a fond wish of reconciliation to her only relatives, for she had heard with pleasure of the growing goodness of Miss Campinet, requested me to endeavour, by personal application, to know the real disposition of Lord Grondale's mind respecting herself. Though," continued Glen "I did not love, I did not fear his Lordship; and I went immediately to execute my commission. I found him just alighting from his chariot at his magnificent portico.

portico. Not to hurt my cause, I accosted him with all the exterior marks of respect ; and with that appearance of humility which is required in this, and I believe most other countries, from little persons to great ones. I began my tale ; his Lordship began to frown ; but I had settled it with myself before, that the frowns of a Lord one does not love, are not so killing as the frowns of a lady one does ; so I proceeded with increasing intrepidity. His Lordship's patience, however, soon gave way ; and he interrupted me with this question—"Your name is Glen, I think ?"

"It is, my Lord."

"Grooby's bastard, of Patten-place ?"

"That is not my fault, my Lord."

"Tell your employer she has rendered herself still more despicable by her agent ; and learn another time to speak to Lord Grondale with your hat off."

Hermsprong's eyes seemed to flame.—

"Did you not kick the fellow ?" said he.

"Good !"



"Good!" replied Glen; "you are not yet quite acquainted with our manners. We English plebeians are not supposed to be deficient in freedom, but we don't kick Lords. We have tolerably awful ideas of rank."

"By heavens!" said Hermsprong, "the son of a king would not have escaped it from me after such an insult."

"Yes," said Glen, "but you say you are a savage. To say the truth, I almost forgot my politeness at that critical moment. I said, 'Before you became a Lord, it would have been well to have learnt the manners of a gentleman.'—His Lordship deigned not a reply, but walked into his saloon, with a look that ought to have annihilated so insignificant an atom as myself."

"This heinous affront, of talking to his Lordship," continued Glen, "with my hat on, was given because it rained, and because his Lordship stood sheltered by the portico, I at the bottom of the steps, sheltered only by a keen north-east wind. Yes," continued Glen, "I did put on my hat unbidden;



den; and there, as far as regards his Lordship, I have kept it ever since."

How far these young gentlemen proceeded in their animadversions on Lord Grondale, is immaterial to the public. It is only necessary to remark that Mr. Herm sprong soon left Mr. Glen's apartments, saying, he had an engagement at many miles distance.

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CHAP. V.  
  
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SOME weeks had passed at Grondale-Place with a decent quantity of order and tranquillity. Mrs. Stone sat unmolested in her chair of honour; and Lord Grondale, if he felt now and then the sting of Miss Fluart's tongue, was recompensed by the delightful feeling which the touch of youth and beauty is supposed to impart to elderly gentlemen. For this young lady had the prettiest

prettiest kittenish moods imaginable ; in which she would sometimes take possession of his Lordship's lap, or draw him on to a small game of romps, or say agreeable things respecting his person ; the more grateful, as his Lordship, in this particular, had almost begun not to flatter himself.

Whether Miss Fluart had or had not conceived any roguish design against the peace and dignity of Lord Grondale, my readers must decide from subsequent events. What is certain, is, that perceiving herself increase in favour, she enlarged her flattery and familiarity, till it was evident Lord Grondale took so much pleasure in her society, that he would sometimes step out of the path of greatness to seek it. But we are at a time when the grubs, hatching in his Lordship's *pia mater*, had scarce begun to crawl ; it will be time enough to delineate them when they are well-formed maggots.

It

It was the fourth Sunday after Miss Fluart had been a guest at Grondale, that his Lordship declared his intention of going to church; for he went there, I never knew why, very often for a man of his rank. Mrs. Stone did not go to church; not for want of piety, but because she could not sit with ease in any seat but Lady Grondale's; and his Lordship had not yet invited her thither in a way which she could perfectly approve.

As going to church is a family act, Lord Grondale gave a place in his state-coach to the young ladies. As they entered the church-yard one way, they were met, almost at the church-door, by a group of three, which did not seem to give Lord Grondale much pleasure. It consisted of an elderly lady, rather infirm, hanging upon Mr. Hermsprong's arm, and followed by Mr. Glen.

Some small confusion Lord Grondale could not avoid betraying ; he averted his face, however, and hastened to his seat, without a proper attention to the politeness due to Miss Fluart at least. The other trio passed into the seat, now Mr. Hermsprong's, in consequence of his purchase.

The Reverend Doctor Blick, I know not by what sort of inspiration, this day outdid himself. It was the 14th of July, an anniversary of the Riots at Birmingham ; where a quantity of pious makers of buttons, inspired by our holy mother, had pulled down the dissenting meeting houses, together with the dwelling-houses of the most distinguished of that unpopular sect. The Reverend Dr. Blick did not say this was exactly right ; he only said, that liberty had grown into licentiousness, and almost into rebellion. Indeed nothing could be more true ; for to take the liberty to burn my house, for drinking my neighbour's health (the imputed crime) would

would be rather rebellious with regard to the laws, and licentious with regard to me.

“ If ever the church can be in danger, it is so now,” said the good Doctor. “ Now, when the Atheistical lawgivers of a neighbouring country have laid their sacrilegious hands upon the sacred property of the church ; now, when the whole body of Dissenters here have dared to imagine the same thing. These people, to manifest their gratitude for the indulgent, too indulgent toleration shewn them, have been filling the nation with inflammatory complaints against a constitution, the best the world ever saw, or will ever see ; against a government, the wisest, mildest, freest from corruption, that the purest page of history has ever yet exhibited. Besides this political daring, one of their Divines, if any thing divine could be predicated of so abhorred a sect, has absolutely denied the most important tenet of our holy religion, the Trinity in Unity ; has endeavoured to take from us the comfortable

doctrines of atonement and grace—and indirectly, the immortality of our precious souls;—for unless they are immaterial, how can they be immortal? But,” said the Doctor, rising in energy, “what can be expected from men who countenance the abominable doctrines of the Rights of Man? Rights contradicted by nature, which has given us an ascending series of inequality, corporeal and mental, and plainly pointed out the way to those wise political distinctions created by birth and rank. To this failure of respect to the dignitaries of the nation, and, let me add, to the dignitaries of the church, is to be ascribed the alarming evils which threaten the overthrow of all religion, all government, all that is just and equitable upon earth.”

This discourse must have been agreeable to Lord Grondale, if he had had the satisfaction to hear it. But, besides that great men do not usually attend to sermons, his Lordship's cogitations were probably on
other

other subjects; for he hurried from his seat with peculiar precipitancy, not staying, as usual, to receive the bows of his humble tenants; and was in the coach some minutes before the ladies, who had some curtsies to perform, were able to join him.

CHAP. VI.

IT was a week after their last parting, before Mr. Glen again saw Mr. Hermsprong, who called again to say adieu, and inform his friend, that a certain necessity obliged him to be in London in three days; and that he had to request of him to go to his house, and to entertain there a stranger who arrived last night, and whom he must be so unpolite as to leave.

“ But

"But you may be at London," Mr. Glen replied, "in two days, or almost in one."

"On foot?" said Hermsprong.

"Surely," Mr. Hermsprong, "you cannot think of walking?"

"Oh, man of prejudice, why? in what other way can I travel with equal pleasure?"

"Pleasure! pleasure in England is not attached to the idea of walking. Your walks we perform in chaises."

"I pity you for it. For myself, I chuse not to buy infirmity so dear."

"Yes, the mode is dear, I allow; but what is that to you, who value money so little?"

"My friend, who has told you that?"

"Your generosities."

"Pshaw! in my journey hitherto through life, I have only taken a taste for different gratifications; which, how should I be able to indulge, if I spent all my money in accommodating myself? For not squandering my money too, I have another reason, which I feel at my heart. I must be independent, as far as social man can be independent. In

other words, I must be free from the necessity of doing little things, or saying *little* words to any man. But enough of this," added Hermsprong; "I must bid you farewell for a week; and entreat you will spend that week principally, or wholly at my house. Respecting my friend I need say nothing: you will like each other. Farewell.

Occupied with an increasing respect for this, as it appeared to him, extraordinary man, Mr. Glen took the road to his house. He overtook, on the road, a young woman, a native of the village, with a small bundle under her arm.

"How far are you going, Sally?" he asked.

"Oh, Mr. Glen," she answered, "I am going to live at Mr. Hermsprong's."

"In what capacity, Sally?"

"As chambermaid."

"I hope it will prove a good place to you, Sally."

"Thank

"Thank you, Mr. Glen; I dare say you do; for you have a kindly heart. And for that matter there is not many people of finerer characters than my master that is going to be, if one may believe what poor bodies say. Howsoever, I must needs tell you that I was a bit afraid, because he is a young gentleman, and not married; for servants have nothing but their characters; and if that goes, all goes. So he sends for me last night, and so I went; but I could hardly look up at him for thinking about this. So, just for all the world as if he could see in a body's thoughts, he said, "Young woman, it is not so much into my service you will enter, as into that of a lady, who is so good as to consent to reside with me for the present."—Then, Sir, says I, be you married? and my face was all in a glow. He smiled, and said, "I am not; but you will not like the lady the worse for that." Then he asked me my wages; and I thought I would ask enough, because, you knows, Mr. Glen, one may bate. However he did
not

not make one word; but took me into the parlour to as fine an old lady as ever I saw in all my days, that had come an hour before, in a post-chaise, as I understood afterwards. And my master said to her, "I ought not, Madam, to intrude business upon you so early; but here is a young woman of good character, who, I hope, will suit you as your more immediate servant."—Now my mistress looked as if she wanted to speak, and could not. So he walked out; and then she told me I was to be chambermaid; and now I am going to my place."

The hall-door opened before Mr. Glen could knock; and in an instant he found himself in the presence of Sally's venerable mistress.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "and is it Mrs. Garnet I am so happy to see? Oh! I comprehend it all. My excellent young friend!"

"Excel-

"Excellent indeed!" the good lady exclaimed, the grateful tear falling down her cheeks. For some time it was the congratulating eye alone that spoke. When Mr. Glen expressed a desire to know how this agreeable event was brought about, "Oh!" says Mrs. Garnet, "I will tell you all.

"On Wednesday morning, as I was poisoning my breakfast by bitter remembrances, a note was delivered me to the following purpose: That a stranger was charged with compliments from Mr. Glen, and begged permission to wait upon me. You may be certain what would be the answer. He came; we talked of you; and he said many things in your praise which could not but be grateful to me. "But," said he, "my friend requested me particularly to observe if there were any traces in your expressive countenance, which might seem to denote declining health; and I fear I do see something."—I answered, that age would have its appropriate signature. "I have not," Mr. Herm sprong said, "any peculiar skill in the science of

of physiognomy, but with eyes to see, something may generally be seen. In your very intelligent face, Madam, I see something more than the effects of time—I see anxiety.”

“ It was the tender and respectful air which accompanied these words, more than the words themselves, which reached my heart. I could not answer. He took my withered hand, and touching it with his lips, said, “ I fear, Madam, this must appear an impertinent freedom in a stranger ; but be assured, I have no impertinence at my heart. Two things Mr. Glen has taught me to respect in you, your virtues and your sorrows ; but who can see sorrow, and not wish, as far as possible, to alleviate it ? ”

“ You appear to have humanity, Sir,” I answered, “ and I doubt not that I have your good wishes.”

“ Over and above the inevitable stroke of destiny, Madam,” Mr. Hermsprong said, “ I learn from my friend, that fortune has been unkind to you.”

“ Yes,

"Yes, Sir, poverty has struck me now I am old and helpless; but age brings me this comfort, I have less time to endure it."

"May it be permitted me, Madam, to turn the injustice of fortune to my own benefit?"

"I beg, Sir, you will be explicit."

"Most willingly, Madam; only once more let me entreat your pardon for my presumption."

"I know not that you have yet committed the offence."

"I fear I shall too soon. I am a young American, without father or mother; but with a fortune that sets me above the necessity of employment. Left early to my own bias, I contracted a passion for travelling; and I have indulged it to satiety. I desire to settle, to be stationary, at least for a time. The wild and romantic scenes of Cornwall, with its natural curiosities, have pleased me, and engaged my attention. Grondale and its environs have particular beauties. I have taken a house there; and I should give
dignity

dignity to myself, Madam, if I could prevail upon you to honour that house with your residence. It is the house in which the amiable Miss Campinet has so many years resided."

"So extraordinary a proposal from a stranger struck me with a certain degree of astonishment, which must have been visible to Mr. Herm sprong, for he continued thus :

"I perceive, Madam, my request is going to meet the fate such presumption deserves. Stranger as I am, I durst not have made the proposal, but that within a few hundred yards of this house, you have a friend who has all the respect and reverence for you which you yourself can wish, in whom you have entire confidence ; and is it not probable also that Miss Campinet may wish to pay you the duty she owes, and increase your happiness and her own ?"

"Indeed, Sir, you hold out flattering allurements ; but, Mr. Herm sprong, permit me to ask what good you propose to yourself in this ?"

"To

"To myself, Madam, a great and most essential good. Sensible of the weakness of youth, I seek in you a corrective friend; and if I am so happy to deserve it—a mother."

"Mr. Hermsprong said this with eyes so animated, and a countenance so expressive and intelligent, I think I never saw a face at once so handsome and so manly; I was upon the point of conceding to his request without more consideration, when Lord Grondale came across me, and with him a tribe of reflections never conducive to my health or peace."

"I fear the terms I am upon with Lord Grondale," I answered, "will prove an insuperable bar."

"I cannot," Mr. Hermsprong said, "think him of the least importance. What, Madam, after his proud and injurious treatment! What is Lord Grondale to you? His benevolence has never been exerted on your behalf; and were it now offered, I hope you have too much pride to accept it."

"And

“ And is there not,” I replied, “ a pride which might be supposed to say, Can the aunt of Lord Grondale accept the benevolence of an entire stranger ?”

“ Why, my dear Madam,” says Mr. Hermsprong, gaily, “ if you are subject to fits of family pride, I know not with what weapons I can encounter so formidable a foe. But have the goodness to consider whether it is a pride of reason.”

“ No, Sir,—I allow it. It is a pride of feeling.”

“ Then pray, Madam, oblige me so far as to try to conquer it; or expect in the evening to have it wrested from you by force of arms.”

“ With these enigmatic words, and an air of great respect, he withdrew.

“ His absence was a few hours, and I used them in considering his proposal. For the affirmative, were Mr. Hermsprong’s open and manly behaviour, Miss Campinet, you, and my poverty; for the negative, my pride. Unable to conquer this obstinate feeling,

feeling, I was still fluctuating when he returned. He spent the evening with me,—a confidential evening. He opened his heart, and a most amiable and generous one it is. All his communications I cannot disclose ; but he sought and obtained my entire confidence, nor could I longer resist his wishes.”

CHAP VII.

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**I**N a week Mr. Hermsprong returned. His salutation of Mrs. Garnet was equally respectful and affectionate. Again and again he thanked her for the honour she did him, and for the pleasure she gave him by her kind condescension.

Of the subjects of conversation the evening produced, one was Miss Campinet.  
Mrs.

Mrs. Garnet had never seen this young lady. She had heard her spoken of, indeed, much to her praise. Mr. Glen was profuse in her applause, and excited in Mrs. Garnet the tenderest wishes. To love, and to be loved by a relation so amiable, so benignant, she said, was all that was now wanting to complete her felicity. But the tender interest they had in each other was torn asunder by pride and prejudice; and this pride and this prejudice, she feared, had been infused into the tender mind of Miss Campinet.

On the Saturday evening, Mrs. Garnet mentioned her perplexity about going to church. She seldom failed, she said; she thought it her duty; but circumstanced as she was, she knew not how to resolve on going. She looked up to Mr. Hermsprong for his opinion.

“ If, dear Madam, you think it a duty, I know of no consideration which ought to exempt you from the performance of it;

Surely it is not you who ought to be embarrassed. Let Lord Grondale blush,—if he can blush,” said, emphatically, Mr. Herm-  
sprong.

“ I am really very weak,” said Mrs. Garnet.

“ Yes, Madam, and for that weakness, or any weakness arising from fear, you must permit me to invert the order of things, and become your preceptor, as in all things else you must be mine. To you, what is Lord Grondale ? Can you fear a man whom you have acquired a right to pardon ? A man whose mind is mean—so mean as to incite him to commit acts of injustice, of inhumanity ! can he be feared ? He, whose life has scarce been marked by one act of energy ? Who owes the little consequence he possesses to his title and his money ? How feeble must be the resentments of a man humiliated by his vices ? Oppose him with the manly spirit of conscious rectitude, you will find him a child ; a sulky, pouting one indeed ; but still a child. If you want conviction, I dare  
engage

engage to give it you ; for I know myself marked out for the object of his mean and secret persecution."

" You astonish me, Sir," said Mrs. Garnet, and Glen could have said the same, " by the boldness of your language."

" It was imposed on me as a duty by my father," Mr. Hermsprong answered, " to speak, when I did speak, with the spirit of conscious truth ; and to act, when I did act, with the spirit of conscious justice. I have obeyed my father ; and hope I have been rewarded, as he promised me I should, by a proper portion of firmness and intrepidity. If this, as I suspect, has the appearance of boasting, I answer, that to the weak and enervating humility of thinking, or pretending to think, worse of myself than I deserve, I am, and desire to be, a stranger. That I am not the first of men, I know. I know also that I am not the last. I see not the difficulty of man's becoming a judge, tolerably just, of the temper of his mind, as well

as of the temperature of his body ; and learning the lesson, conceived so hard to be learned, of thinking himself what he is. I have energies, and I feel them ; as a man, I have rights, and will support them ; and, in acting according to principles I believe to be just, I have not yet learned to fear."

I wish the world, that is the original thinkers in it, would meet together in some barn, it need not be very large, and determine what is to be thought of such pretensions. Is this the stuff of which the pride of our people of rank and fashion is made ? That it is pride, of some sort, I have no doubt ; for I, Gregory Glen, the son of nobody, felt myself raised, exalted by it. I almost began to think myself a man. But it is a word of bad augury. Kings like it not ; parsons preach it down ; and Justices of the Peace send out their warrants to apprehend it. Let us leave it to its fate ; and only observing, that in consequence of Mr. Herm-  
sprong's



sprong's spirited support, Mrs. Garnet assumed courage enough to go to church, accompanied by the two gentlemen; and this was the trio which infused, as parson Evans would say, a trembling of mind into Lord Grondale, and almost suffused his cheek.

## CHAP. VIII.



THE dinner of this adverse sabbath passed over rather unpleasantly at Grondale Hall. His Lordship was grave and silent. At such a time, how could Doctor Blick talk? Miss Fluart was busy in repenting a little indiscretion towards Mrs. Stone, and Mrs. Stone in concealing her mortification. And Miss Campinet was engaged in the study of her father's countenance, where she saw a certain indefinable something she never saw before.

When

When the evening came, the young ladies, as usual, chose a walk. A favourite one was Lippen Crag. I know not what made it so to Miss Fluart ; but with Miss Campinet, no doubt, it was piety. With due gratitude to Providence, and to the agent it had been pleased to employ on so gracious an occasion, she delighted to view her danger, and tremble at her escape. Even Mr. Hermsprong, whose walks were leagues, whose meditations the whole phenomena of nature, even he has been known more than once to stride a few miles out of his way, to look at this terrible crag, to think better of himself for having been this agent of Providence, and to sigh that Caroline Campinet should be the daughter of Lord Grondale.

To this classic spot,—not classic yet,—it must wait till this adventure has become the subject of an epic superior to the Iliad,—came the young ladies about seven in the evening; and amongst the objects viewed from the summit, was the same group of three they

had in the morning met in the church-yard. Though the walk was to her rather a long one, Mrs. Garnet ventured upon it, from a desire to see the scene of her grand-niece's danger.

A small tinge of the rose, on the cheek of Miss Campinet, gave the intelligence of something to Miss Fluart.

“ My dear,” said Miss Campinet, “ I think we had better return.”

“ Yes,” said Miss Fluart, “ but not by the way we came. For if I am right, the other way comes your hero, and probably his mother ; though I thought he had none. You know, my dear, I have not seen him this month ; and, to tell you the truth, I long for it very much. What pity it is, he should be a savage, and not love Lords !”

Miss Campinet, though not without a little real or seeming reluctance, yielded to the inclinations of her friend. The parties met.  
The

The gentlemen made their obeisances. The young ladies returned their curtsies, but with something like a reserve on the part of Miss Campinet, and passed on.

They had proceeded an hundred yards, perhaps, and Miss Fluart was beginning to give vent to a small matter of ill humour at this stupid formality, when a step was heard behind, and a voice that said, "And is pride too the attribute of Miss Campinet?"

She turned about. It was Mr. Hermsprong who had spoken thus, and there was something a little like indignation in his face.

"Why," said Miss Campinet; "why, Sir, am I accused of pride?"

"Know you that lady?"

"No, Mr. Hermsprong, indeed I do not."

"Her name is Garnet now, once Maria Campinet, the sister of your grandfather, the



late Sir William Campinet. Can she be totally unknown to you?"

"I have heard my late aunt mention a Mrs. Garnet, who was said to have disgraced her family by marriage."

"Oh pride! pride! Was she never the subject of Lord Grondale's discourse?"

"Never that I know of. I believe it is a rule of our house, never to speak of any branch of it who have offended."

"Not to-day did Lord Grondale speak of her?"

"No, Sir; my father was not quite as usual to-day, but I know not the cause."

"She is the cause; that venerable lady; the sister of his father. That pride should be a giant, and humanity a dwarf!"

"Is my father the cause of this apostrophe?"

"Yes, good Heavens! yes. But pardon me, Miss Campinet, to you such things should not be said. Your gentle nature knows not barbarity. You are too just and too good for pride of this odious stamp. I have

have distressed you. I entreat your pardon. My indignation was just, but ought not to have been disclosed to you."

Mr. Hermsprong now gave Miss Campinet a summary of Mrs. Garnet's history. It was with some pathos he drew a picture of her distresses; and concluded with the hopes and wishes Mrs. Garnet had so fondly and tenderly expressed.

The recital drew many a sigh from Miss Campinet.

"Indeed," said she,—“indeed Mr. Hermsprong, I wish to pay my duty to my venerable relation,—to pay it this instant; but, situated as I am, is it proper?”

“Why not, Miss Campinet?”

“Mr. Hermsprong, your benevolent virtues excite my admiration. As a brother, I could consult and confide in you. But you hate or despise my father. This is too visible. It grieves me. Yet I must express  
my

my wonder at so fixed an aversion. My father may be proud ; but is it so uncommon to be proud ? Or is it uncommon for a person to be angry at another who defeats a favourite purpose ? This unhappy prejudice prevents me from considering you as the proper person to give me the advice I want. I long to pay my duty to my respectable aunt ; but my father ! Need I say more ?”

“ You are ever amiable, Miss Campinet, even in your errors.”

“ Errors ! can filial obedience ever be error ?”

“ I have been taught, and taught by a father, to attend to the truth of things only, and to reject all prejudices that lead to injustice. An illegal act you must not do, even by the command of a father ; and ought you to do a wrong one ?”

“ But surely it may be wrong to do a right thing, when prohibited by a father.”

“ What, if that right thing be a duty also, and the prohibition pride, prejudice, or caprice ?”

“ And

“ And ought a child to erect herself into a judge of her father’s motives ?”

“ Adieu, Miss Campinet ! I must join the respectable Mrs. Garnet, to whose calamities I now fear you will add one, deeper than most of those she has already suffered.”

“ Stop, Mr. Hermsprong, I beg you, stop. Whatever be the consequence, I entreat you to introduce me to my revered aunt. Whatever be the consequence, I will obey the impulse of my heart. Do you condemn me, Miss Fluart ?”

“ No, indeed.”

“ Miss Fluart,” said Hermsprong, “ I ask a thousand pardons ; I have sinned dreadfully against politeness.”

“ I was indeed afraid I should not have had the honour of Mr. Hermsprong’s notice,” said Miss Fluart.

“ Pardon me, Madam ; my mind was full ; and full, indeed, it must have been, when it shut my eyes to the charming Miss Fluart.”

“ When

“ When your compliments do come, however, they come in a full stream.”

“ No, Miss Fluart, I am but a learner of this art, and awkward, as learners usually are. But see, Miss Campinet, Mrs. Garnet has stopped. Permit me to introduce you to each other.”

Mr. Hermsprong broke the first cold forms of ceremony; Mrs. Garnet looked, rather than spoke her satisfaction, and embraced her dear relation with ardour. Miss Campinet entreated indulgence for errors; and hoped she might be able to atone for past neglect by future attention. A little while they walked together; and then parted, much delighted with the rencontre.



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CHAP. IX.  
  
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THIS pleasure, to Miss Campinet, was at her return damped by the still gloomy appearance of Lord Grondale. Mrs. Stone was indisposed, and Doctor Blick gone home; so his Lordship and the young ladies sat down to supper in solemn silence. When the table was diserved, Miss Campinet ventured to say, "I fear you are not well, papa." His Lordship's answer was not in his kindest manner. It was a question rather sternly asked;

asked ; " Who were those people you were walking with on the moor ? "

" The lady was Mrs. Garnet," Miss Campinet replied ; " the gentlemen, Mr. Hermsprong and Mr. Glen. "

" It is very remarkable, Caroline," said his Lordship, " that if there be people in the world I more particularly dislike, you are sure to select them for your acquaintance and favourites. "

" Indeed, papa, they are not selected ; they are my acquaintance by accident. Mr. Glen, indeed, was known to my late aunt ; and was very obliging in procuring me books and music. Mrs. Garnet I never saw, nor scarce heard of, before to-day. To Mr. Hermsprong I owe my life. I ought to be grateful ; but your Lordship not approving, I dare only be civil. If we meet, it is merely by accident. "

" Accident," his Lordship answered, " is a most useful person, and the greatest pimp in the creation. Accident, I suppose, carried you

you back to these people after you had passed them."

"No, Sir. I did not know Mrs. Garnet till Mr. Hermsprong followed to reproach me for not taking notice of her. It was then I first learned our consanguinity, her merit, and her distresses. I thought it my duty to pay her my respects. I hope I have your approbation, papa, and your permission to repeat them. Mrs. Garnet is at present Mr. Hermsprong's guest."

"Very good," said his Lordship; "how admirable is the artless simplicity of young ladies! If you are grateful, Caroline, you will raise an altar to accident. Accident carried you to the brink of Lippen Crag, and placed your hero there. Accident has made him leave off a life like that of the wandering Jew. Accident has enforced him to buy a house, and settle in this charming neighbourhood. Accident, no doubt, introduced him to my fool of an aunt; and accident caused him to bring her here. So accident has opened you a road into Hermsprong's house; and

and made that, which the world would call a breach of decorum, seem a duty."

"How cruel this is!" said Miss Campinet, bursting into tears.

"My dear," said Miss Fluart, "his Lordship means nothing by all this, but to shew his ingenuity."

"I mean all I say, and more," Lord Grondale replied.

"Then," said Miss Fluart, "it is the completest triumph of pride and prejudice over poor common sense, that has ever fallen under my notice."

"Now," returned Lord Grondale, "for a specimen of your ingenuity."

"But I cannot really believe that it does appear to your Lordship, that Mr. Herm-sprong sought Mrs. Garnet with a view to give Caroline an opportunity to come to his house."

"Such may be my suspicions, I presume," Lord Grondale answered, "without any impeachment of my understanding."

"I allow

"I allow it to be very cunning and very characteristic," Miss Fluart replied; "I only deny its truth."

"I can very readily suppose, Miss Fluart, that you know the truth better than myself; but I cannot so easily suppose you will impart it to me."

"Why not, my Lord?"

"Oh! it is absurd in me to imagine that so immaculate a lady as Miss Campinet should have secrets she would not chuse a father should know; or that she should have a friend who would not chuse to betray her."

"So kind a father must claim unlimited confidence. But Caroline is bashful; so I will tell your Lordship a plain tale, that will convince you of its truth, if your Lordship does not find it inconvenient and disagreeable to be convinced."

To this Lord Grondale made no reply.

"Mrs.

"Mrs. Garnet," continued Miss Fluart, "has been known to Mr. Glen many years. He is rather a compassionate man, and always lamented, though he could little relieve, her distresses. In talking over the memoirs of the house of Grondale with Mr. Herm sprong, Mrs. Garnet came to be spoken of; and this stranger, a compassionate man also, took it into his head, that the aunt of Lord Grondale ought not to want bread; and having now a house of his own, he went to her, and prevailed upon her, I know not by what arguments, to accept this house as her asylum."

"The arguments," said his Lordship, "may be guessed at."

"They may, my Lord; but they may be guessed at wrong, if in benevolence, your Lordship will see nothing but cunning, and in integrity, nothing but self."

"It is not absolutely necessary, Miss Fluart," said his Lordship, with much dignity, "that things should appear in the same light to you as to me. I presume I have seen

more of the world than you have. With me, the simple credulity of youth is passed. Men are benevolent for many purposes; some not very laudable. And in your opinion, is it extremely absurd to suppose that a young fellow, whom nobody knows, who has no connexions, or keeps them secret, should be an adventurer, and desirous of making the most of his good fortune?"

"And why, my Lord, is Suspicion, with her ifs and ands, so forward, and Candour so backward? What better criterion is there to judge of men as well as trees, than by your fruits ye shall know them."

"Judge as you please, Miss Fluart, and give me leave to do the same: only, when you chuse to favour me with your ideas, have the goodness to spare your inuendoes; and do not suppose my conduct to Mrs. Garnet is without cause."

"Oh dear! my Lord, I never supposed any such thing; every body knows there are two causes."

"May

“ May I enquire what they are ?”

“ Oh,—but it is not polite to call every thing by its proper name. Besides, your Lordship may be angry.”

“ Politeness to Lord Grondale does not seem to make a part of Miss Fluart’s necessities. His anger indeed might be rather disagreeable ; but it cannot be excited by the opinions of a mob.”

“ This is a most convenient way of thinking for the great, in whose favour mob does not now form many of its notions. On other accounts, as well as Mrs. Garnet’s, it accuses Lord Grondale of pride and avarice.”

His Lordship nodded.

“ As to avarice,” continued Miss Fluart, “ it is a substantial cause ; I have nothing to say against it ; nor indeed against pride much ; what would rank be good for without it ? But as the sons of nobility honour the daughters of plebeians, when they happen to be rich ; I do not see why the daughters of nobility

nobility may not honour the sons of plebeians, for like causes."

"I believe, Miss Fluart, it is better to avoid discussing opinions of this sort. What I expect from my daughter is obedience; and I dare say I shall have it,—if Miss Fluart pleases."

"What, my Lord, implicit obedience and unconditional submission?"

"Even so, Miss Fluart."

"That never fits well upon men's stomachs, and hardly upon women's; though I must own they are properly brought up for it,—some of them."

"I think not, if you mean Miss Campinet. But we shall see. The first mark of obedience I exact from her is, never, on any pretence, to enter Hermsprong's doors."

"May I not be allowed, Sir," said the timid Caroline, "somewhere to pay my duty to my aunt?"

"No, I forbid it; she has no claim upon your duty. That woman is renounced; and the renunciation is a family act."

"This is very hard, indeed," said Miss Campinet, the tears pouring into her fair eyes. "I hope I have your Lordship's permission to retire."

"I find no difficulty in indulging you in that request," said his Lordship; and the mortified Caroline hastily withdrew.

After a few minutes' silence, during which the rose and the lily had contended for empire in Miss Fluart's pretty face, she said, with a smiling archness, "Pray, my Lord, how long do you intend to live?"

"As long as possible," returned his Lordship.

"That is really very cruel now. If it was not for that terrible resolution," continued Miss Fluart, going to him, and stroking his face with playful wantonness, "I don't know but I should offer myself for this girl's step-mother; for I love authority and a coach and fix;—and though your Lordship's commands are so perfectly reasonable, yet that head-
strong

strong girl will think it hard to obey them."

"Greater hardships," Lord Grondale said, "may possibly be the consequence of disobedience."

"Certainly, my Lord; for I shall withdraw the light of my motherly countenance from her, and make her stand in a corner, till she cries,—pray, pray."

"This is a subject, Miss Fluart, that might, without much impropriety, be treated with less levity; and as I am not disposed to trifle, I must beg leave to wish you a good night, with this concluding observation: If Miss Campinet assumes the liberty of disposing of herself, without, or contrary to, my approbation, I shall assume the liberty of disposing, as I please, of the affection and property of Lord Grondale."

The conscious sense of dignity which swelled his Lordship's features, on the conception and delivery of this sublime and beautiful

sentiment, cannot be described, nor, I presume, felt by plebeian souls ; and surely none but plebeian souls will condescend to read these humble memoirs. Miss Fluart seemed about to reply ; but Lord Grondale waved his hand by way of prohibition ; rang for his valet ; wished Miss Fluart an awful good-night, and retired.

CHAP. X.

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MISS FLUART went to her friend's apartment, whom she found still in tears.

"This crying must be a sweet pretty amusement, Caroline," said she; "you are so fond of it! Could not you teach me the art, my dear?"

"I hope, Maria," Miss Campinet answered, "your tears will flow for others—never for yourself."

"Then you do not find them pleasurable?"

"Comparatively so, Maria; for they relieve pain."

"And this pain too is a sort of favourite very often, if one may judge by the ready admission he finds into gentle bosoms."

"The secret of keeping him out would indeed be invaluable."

"I have it, my dear. It is a discovery of my own; and is nothing more than a profound reflection how troublesome and useless a gentleman he is."

"Alas! he enters before the reflection."

"In that case we must turn him out; and if one sort of consideration will not effect it, a wise person, like myself, will try an hundred others. Pray, my dear, have you ever made an estimate of the quantity of your father's affection?"

"An estimate! Sure, Maria, it is inestimable."

"Yes,

"Yes, my dear, when in full growth. But Lord Grondale's don't seem to be in that state of dimension."

"This is a subject, Maria, that lies very near my heart."

"I understand the reproof, my dear. But that heart I want to take a naked peep into; to see if it is composed of true feminine matter; if it prefer girandoles and the heart-ach, to a simple candle and content."

"I see the extent of your question, my dear Maria. But suppose I could determine to buy peace with the loss of fortune, would not that peace be as much wounded by my own breach of filial obligation, as by my father's unkindness? If then, (continued Miss Campinet, with a faint smile,) the heart-ach must be borne, one may as well have the girandoles along with it."

"Why, this now, Caroline, is ingenious, and I dare say ingenuous; it is so like the rest of the daughters of Eve; and yet it leaves me still in doubt, whether this meek and humble duty has its foundation in love,



money, or one or other of the ten commandments."

"You are very whimsical, Maria."

"And you, Caroline, instructive. I had got into the foolish way of thinking that women did not love tyrants, whether husbands or fathers."

"It is a sight of every day, Maria, that women, wives at least, continue to love the tyrants, when the tyranny has become almost insupportable."

"Depend upon it, it is nothing but a habit of fondness the silly things have acquired, and not had time to get rid of."

"But, Maria, a tyrant is a very harsh term; too harsh I hope, to be properly applied to Lord Grondale."

"Oh quite! for what has he done, but governed with absolute sway, as great men ought; and turned his daughter out of doors, to make room for persons of merit."

"And Mrs. Stone has merit, Maria; let us do her justice; and if my father chuses to

to treat her more as a friend, than a servant, what right have I to complain?"

"Oh, no!—he might have married her, and begat you a few loving brothers."

"Certainly he might; and had he given me a respectable mother, so far from considering it as an injury, I should have rejoiced at the event."

"Well, Caroline, since you are so fond of respectable step-mothers, I will try to accommodate you. I have some thoughts of taking that dignity upon myself, and am glad to find you in such dutiful inclinations."

"And have you consulted Lord Gron-dale, mamma?"

"Yes, his eyes; and eyes will sometimes betray the secrets of elderly gentlemen, as well as of young maidens. So God bless you, my dear child; be a good girl, and go quietly to sleep."

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CHAP. XI.  
  
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ALL tyranny, that excepted which young ladies exercise over their lovers, Miss Fluart held in tolerable detestation; that of Lord Grondale over Miss Campinet was not the less odious to her, because it assumed variety of shapes. When his Lordship was under the gentle influence of pure genuine ill-humour, it was the stern frown of authority, that bears not the shadow of disobedience or contradiction. When the dining table had procured him a cessation of this overflow of
5 bile,

bile, and disposed him to hilarity, it was the most bitter irony that his Lordship, and for this he did not want talents, could invent. There was, however, a middle humour, in which he permitted Miss Campinet to enjoy a certain degree of tranquillity; and this desirable portion of harmony, Miss Fluart was desirous to produce in Lord Grondale as often as possible. Her powers of blandishment were not small; and she broke through her own disgust, to exert them for the service of her friend. In the beginning of her little romps with his Lordship, she had to contend with a certain hauteur which seemed to say, why should I thus condescend? It was, however, soon apparent to this young lady, that but for this sense of degradation, her sportive play would not be in the least disagreeable.

In a little time, this dignified sensation appeared to have given way; Lord Grondale seemed growing into fondness; and Miss Fluart was taken with an irresistible inclination

to subdue his Lordship wholly. She flattered herself it was for the sole purpose of being enabled essentially to serve her friend ; and if this was the leading motive, who will blame her, if a desire to plague his Lordship, or if a little gratification of vanity were assistant causes ? Nothing, however, was farther from her intention, than to become the wife of Lord Grondale ; and it was therefore a necessary consequence, that nothing on her part should be said or done, that could legally, or in *foro conscientie*, be construed to bind her to such an event.

On the part of Lord Grondale, it was a war of pride with the senses. On some small occasions, he said to himself, "This little gipsy has certainly an inclination to become Lady Grondale ;" and when she had said to him one day,—“How amiable you would be, my dear Lord, if you could always preserve this good humour and vivacity,” he became assured of it. Love, like other chronic passions,—I had like to have said diseases,—has its fits of

progression and retrocedence, its hot and cold fits. Lord Grondale experienced this. Soon after, he said, she has 20,000l; and this associated with the lady's other prettineffes, and finally became the grand auxiliary of love.

Now these were the respective states of mind of the Lord and Lady, on the morning of that unholy sabbath, when the spectre of Mrs. Garnet appeared in the churchyard. His Lordship forgot he was under the necessity of being always in good humour; Miss Fluart forgot it was her business to keep him so;—the affair of the evening increased his Lordship's irritability; this revived Miss Fluart's satirical vivacity; and the melancholy consequence was, the expulsion of love and badinage from the respective breasts of the gentleman and lady; and when they would have been restored, but for an accident, is more than I can say.

At

At the extremity of the pleasure ground, bordering on the moor, Lord Grondale, soon after his accession to the estate, had built a sort of pleasure house, an octagon, on an artificial mount. It had obtained the name of the pavilion. In his earlier years, his Lordship made of it a sort of temple of Fame, and adorned it with the portraits of his own best hunters and racers, and of those who had obtained the greatest renown on the arduous plains of Ascot and Newmarket. This taste declining, these portraits had given place to paintings of another species, capital, no doubt, his Lordship having been considered as a connoisseur.

This pavilion Lord Grondale made a kind of sanctum; it was open only to himself, a few of his more particular friends on their annual visit, and once a week perhaps, usually on Sunday evening, to the person of merit: so it happened to be on the eve of that sabbath, so mortifying to Lord Grondale. From thence it was they saw the movements
of

of the parties, as described in our eighth chapter of this volume; which "tortured his Lordship almost to madness," and subjected Mrs. Stone to his stern rebuke, for the mere endeavour to reason him into placidity.

It was several evenings after this, when Lord Grondale had begun to long for a few of Miss Fluart's sugared sweets, and Miss Fluart to wish he would, that this young lady was strolling the pleasure grounds alone; Miss Campinet having determined that evening to write to Mrs. Garnet—a thing she had attempted every day since her father's prohibition, but in which she had not yet succeeded to her mind. A few yards from the pavilion, turning a walk, Miss Fluart almost ran against Lord Grondale. The good Peer said, with a tone of good nature, "Have I the pleasure to see Miss Fluart here, and alone?"

"Caroline is indolent," Miss Fluart answered; "she chose the zephyrs of her own apartment, rather than the zephyrs of your Lord-

Lordship's groves. Oh dear ! (she continued) now I think of it, I have long had a desire to take a peep into your Lordship's pavilion, where you have never yet invited me."

" I invite you now, then," said Lord Grondale, hobbling up the steps, and unlocking the door.

" I hear," says she, ascending, " it is a little palace of paintings."

The first object which struck her view, was herself, her beauteous self, many times multiplied. This was fascinating, no doubt; but she got rid of it as soon as she could, and threw her eye on a lovely piece, representing Jachimo taking notes of the mole cinque spotted on the beauteous bosom of Imogen. The next was Atalanta, straining to recover the ground she had lost by the golden apples; her bosom bare, her zone unloosed, her garments streaming with the wind. From the four following pieces, the pavilion might, not improperly, have been denominated the Temple of Venus. The first

first gave the goddess rising from the sea. The second, asleep; a copy of Titian. The third, accompanied with Juno and Minerva, appealing to Paris. The fourth, in Vulcan's net with Mars.

However capital these might be, they were such as ladies are not accustomed to admire in the presence of gentlemen. There was, however, a superb sofa, on which a lady might sit down with all possible propriety. Miss Fluart did sit down; but the prospect from thence rather increased than diminished a little matter of confusion which she felt on the view of the company she seemed to have got into.

She was rising to leave the pavilion, when his Lordship, in the most gallant manner possible, claimed a fine, due, he said, by the custom of the manor, from every lady who honoured that sofa by sitting upon it. His Lordship meant simply a kiss, which I believe he would have taken respectfully enough,

enough, had Miss Fluart been passive ; but, I know not why, the lady seemed to feel an alarm, for which probably she had no reason ; and was intent only upon running away, whilst his Lordship was intent only upon seizing his forfeit. A fine muslin apron was ill-treated upon this occasion ; a handkerchief was ruffled, and some beautiful hair had strayed from its confinement, and wantoned upon its owner's polished neck. She got away, however, from this palace of painting, and its dangerous sofa.

“ Upon my word, my dear Miss Fluart,” said his Lordship, getting down after her as fast as he was able, “ you are quite a prude to-day. I thought you superior to the nonsense of your sex, the making such a rout about a kiss.”

“ A kiss ! Lord bless me,” said Miss Fluart, “ I thought, from the company your Lordship had brought me into, and the mode of your attack, you had wanted to undress me.”

Lord

Lord Grondale burst into an immoderate laugh, and declared it was the drollest idea in the world. Miss Fluart laughed too, and stopped to hear his Lordship's exculpation; which she accepted without much difficulty, having a favour to ask, that could scarce be granted except in his Lordship's very best humour.

Whether a kiss refused is more a promoter of love, than a kiss granted, or whether there is any thing inflammatory in pulling a young lady's clothes to pieces, it is certain Lord Grondale now found himself very seriously in love.

After they had walked together a little time, his Lordship said, "My dear Miss Fluart, you are the most charming, the most irresistible girl in the universe. In pity to myself, I must avoid you, unless—unless I could learn to behold you with less affection, or inspire you with more."

"Oh

“ Oh dear !” returned Miss Fluart ;
“ why your Lordship’s love fit is come on
again. I thought it had been gone for good.
But I hope, as it has got a trick of coming
and going, it will not incommode your
Lordship much.”

“ Miss Fluart,” said the Peer, gravely,
“ I could wish to be serious on a serious oc-
casion.—Can you, a few minutes ?

“ Oh yes, certainly, upon a serious occa-
sion. But I thought love had been a light-
hearted airy thing, all joy and sport. If it
is so solemn, I shall not at all like it.”

“ Should you, Miss Fluart, if I should
offer to lay my rank, my title, my person,
and fortune at your feet—should you think
it worth a serious consideration ?”

“ Why, my Lord, these are very serious
things, no doubt ; one should like to tread
upon some of them. But, indeed, my Lord,
you would lose too much, if I should accept
your rash offer. How can your Lordship
expect greater felicity than with a person of
Mrs. Stone’s merit ? in whom you have one
of

of the best of wives, without a wife's odious prerogative."

" You suppose, then, I have improper connections with this lady ?"

" I did not say any thing about improper connections, my Lord ; they may be very proper, for any thing I know, for your Lordship."

" That Mrs. Stone is any thing more to me than my housekeeper, who has any right to suppose ?"

" Only that in the ordinary course of things, housekeepers do not preside at great tables ; so one presumes there may be an extra measure of kindness."

" Mrs. Stone is a person of family under misfortunes."

" I adore your Lordship's generosity and condescension ; more especially as one of her misfortunes is loss of character in your Lordship's service."

" I presume Miss Fluart is in this mistaken."

Nothing

“Nothing more possible. It may be quite the contrary. She may have gained character for aught I know. But whether Mrs. Stone’s be loss or gain, your’s, my Lord, will be certain loss by the change. Oh, but perhaps your Lordship does not mean to change—perhaps you intend this lady shall preserve the presidency.”

“My dear Miss Fluart, how could such a notion enter your head?”

“By the eye, my Lord. One looks at Miss Campinet. One reasons upon past events. One makes conjectures of the future.”

“I look upon my daughter as a guest only. She will probably marry. Mrs. Stone is an excellent manager. I did not think it prudent to offend her, and disarrange my household.”

“And I really think it would be better for your Lordship to continue prudent. I am not qualified to represent Mrs. Stone.”

“Thou art the oddest girl.”—

“Yes,

" Yes, I know it, and advise your Lordship accordingly. A staid grave man like you, and a Peer of the realm, to think of a giddy flirt like me! Consider, my Lord, if you should repent, and I dare say you will, a wife is not so easy to get rid of."

" Oh,—I will run all risks."

" Then I shall take whole years of courtship; and after that you will have to fight half a hundred duels; for I have a little army of lovers, and a cross guardian who frights them away."

" Miss Fluart cannot want admirers; but may I presume to ask, is there one more favoured than the rest?"

" No, not one; unless they take it in their heads, as your Lordship may do, that looking at them, and hearing them talk, is favour."

" And your heart, my dear Miss Fluart, is quite free?"

" Oh quite! and likely enough so to continue; for, to tell you a secret, my Lord,
a fop

a fop is my averſion ; and there are ſo few men, young men now, who are not fops."

" That is a moſt admirable ſentiment, and manifeſts great ſolidity of mind. You muſt be Lady Grondale."

" I don't feel the neceſſity of it, my Lord."

" But I do."

" It requires vaſt conſideration ; more than my poor brain will ever be able to bear. So take notice, my Lord, and don't ſay hereafter, that I have encouraged your Lordſhip in ſo filly a purſuit. Beſides, what would Mrs. Stone ſay ?"

" Be perſuaded, my dear Miſs Fluart, Mrs. Stone is nothing to me.

" No,—I cannot give your Lordſhip credit for ſo much ingratitude. But let us talk no more of it till this day twelvemonth. Once a year is quite enough. And now, my Lord, when do you expect your annual viſiters ?"

" Very ſoon ; a month perhaps."

" It will be about the time my guardian requires my return ; and as your viſiters are all unaccompanied by ladies, I preſume it
would

would be your Lordship's wish, Miss Cam-
pinet should be absent. Will you give her
leave to accompany me to Falmouth during
that time."

"Herm sprong will follow her there, per-
haps?"

"My Lord, I do not pretend to take
upon me to answer for things over which I
have no controul. This I can assure your
Lordship, I have no cause to suppose he
will; or that he would be well received by
Caroline if he did."

"You will return with her?"

"If your Lordship invites me."

"Be assured of that; and I shall commit
Caroline to your care with perfect confidence;
assured you will not permit her to stain the
honour of a noble house, of which, I hope,
you will soon be the greatest ornament."

"My Lord, if you indulge in such suppo-
sitions, have the goodness to ascribe your dis-
appointment, when it comes, to its true
cause, the ardour of your imagination."

They were now at the hall door. His Lordship took the way to his library, to indulge the ardour of his imagination. Miss Fluart to her friend's dressing-room; and shewing her habiliments to Miss Campinet, "See," said she, "your gallant father!"

"Yes, I do see," answered Miss Campinet, gravely.

"Oh," said Miss Fluart, "and so do I,—an advertisement that you have imported a new cargo of wisdom. But don't unpack till my next folly. This I cannot repent of since its consequence is so delightful. I have obtained your father's leave that you shall go with me to Falmouth, during the time his riots are to last."

"Indeed it is a most pleasing consequence to me. I did not dare to indulge myself in the hope it could ever be obtained."

"Acknowledge my powers of persuasion."

"Most willingly; though I must own (looking at her little disarrangement,) they appear to have been oddly exerted."

"Yes,

"Yes, I have been with your father in his pavilion."

"It is a favour, I believe, granted to very few."

"To none, my dear, but persons of merit; and indeed it ought to be confined to the deserving few, it is so charming. At one's entrance one is struck with a view of the most pleasing object in the world—one's own dear self, reflected from eight mirrors. Then there is such a variety of carving, and gilding, and painting. And the pictures, Caroline—as a connoisseur, you must have admired them; but I, who have no pretensions, could hardly, for pity's sake, look upon such poor naked objects. My dear, for all they were goddesses, very few of them had any clothes to their backs. So I sat down upon a sofa, and such a sofa, Caroline! it is certainly alive. Then comes my Lord, and seizes me as a stray upon his premises. So I got up, and ran away—not, as you see, without some little disarrangement. After all, it was only a kiss his Lordship wanted,

by way of fine ; and I am sure he should have had a dozen, if he had bargained for them as the price of your going to Falmouth."

" Thank you, my dear ; but I don't advise you to be lavish of this sort of coin ; lest you should diminish its value."

" Never fear."

CHAP XII.

AT length Miss Campinet had finished her letter to Mrs. Garnet ; not one with which she could be perfectly satisfied, but after many trials, as much so as any thing she could produce.

TO MRS. GARNET.

“ Most revered Madam,

“ The pleasure I promised myself from paying my duty to the only relation of my own sex, so respectable for her virtues and her misfortunes, so long unknown, and seeming to be sent me by the kind hand of Providence, was infinite; so is my disappointment. My father forbids my attentions, and never could he have more severely taxed my obedience. Whether I owe implicit submission to a command I cannot help thinking as unjust as cruel, I am in doubt. Condescend, dear Madam, to instruct, to guide me. If you say, Come,—although I should not chuse openly, and as it were in defiance against his direct commands, yet I would endeavour to find some more concealed mode of indulgence. To Mr. Hermsprong’s house, indeed, I must not come, after the harsh things my father has said to me on the subject, and
the

the injustice he has done me by ill-founded suspicions.

“ Whatsoever may have been the prejudices which have produced a prohibition, to me so painful, I know them not. If I am acquainted with my own heart, it feels for you only the sincerest esteem and affection; and that I may one day be permitted to shew them, is the prayer of,

“ Dear Madam,

“ Your most dutiful and affectionate,

“ CAROLINE CAMPINET.”

“ P. S. Since the above, I learn from Miss Fluart, that my father permits me to accompany her back to Falmouth, and stay there a month or two.”

This letter cost Mrs. Garnet many tears. She answered thus :

“MY DEAR NIECE,

“ My disappointment also is infinite. Much of my dependance, for the comfort of my declining years, I had placed in you ; and much the idea of being known and beloved by you, assisted Mr. Hermsprong’s persuasion to remove to my native place. Cruel Lord Grondale ! but to you, my dear, I will not complain ; nor can I encourage you to act openly or secretly against your father’s commands. I should only open a new source of calamity to myself, by involving you.

“ No, my dear, at present let things remain as they are ; I will comfort myself with the knowledge, that you would treat me kindly, if you might.

“ From the hint you give me respecting Mr. Hermsprong, I comprehend what would probably be Lord Grondale’s inferences, were you to come here. Lord Grondale, indeed, mistakes, when he supposes
Mr.

Mr. Hermsprong capable of any clandestine proceedings whatever. He is the warmest idolater of truth, the most determined enemy of duplicity, I have ever known. Whenever my dearest niece changes her condition, the best possible wish for her is, that her choice may fall on such a man. To know, is to love him. That you may have a agreeable journey, prays

“ Your affectionate aunt,

“ M. GARNET.”

“ To know is to love him. Alas ! then,” said Miss Campinet, with a sigh, “ I wish my father knew him, or I did not.

CHAP. XIII.

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ALL men who chuse to govern by force or fraud, find suspicion a pretty constant attendant upon their machinations. Knaves are necessary for spies upon honest men; rogues, for spies upon knaves. As Lord Grondale travelled generally, like most great men, upon the high road of *je le veux*—*Telle est mon plaisir*,—it was expedient for him to know, if there were people about him, who durst assist his daughter in disobeying the orders

orders he had honoured her with respecting Mrs. Garnet ; for he took care these orders should be no secret. He well knew also by what little arts he could gain intelligence. In less than two hours after Miss Campinet's footman had brought the answer from Mrs. Garnet, it was known to Lord Grondale that he had been there, though not exactly for what purpose.

This footman his Lordship ordered into his presence, and said to him, with a brow of awful menace, " You have been at Herm-sprong's this morning ?"

" Ye—ye—yes," says the man, hesitatingly.

" What was your business ?"

" To—to—carry a letter, my Lord."

" To whom ?"

" To Mrs. Garnet, my Lord."

" From whom ?"

At this question, it flashed into the mind of the man, that something was in agitation

against the peace of his mistress ; so he answered, " From Miss Fluart, my Lord."

His Lordship rang the bell.

" Let Miss Campinet know I desire to speak to her in the library."

She came.

" Here," says his Lordship,—“ here is your footman tells me he has taken a letter from you to Herm sprong's this morning.”

" No, my Lord," says the man, " I did not say so ; I said from Miss Fluart."

" And why did you say so, James ?" said Miss Campinet ; " I am sorry any motive should make you deviate from the truth. Yes, Sir, James took a letter from me to Mrs. Garnet."

" And brought you an answer ?"

" Yes, Sir."

" I desire to see that answer."

" I hope you will not desire it, papa."

" Oh,

" Oh, then I guess the contents. Very agreeable it must be, to find myself the butt of the slander of an aunt who has disgraced her family, and of a daughter who probably will disgrace it very soon !"

" Here is the letter, Sir : it is indeed a breach of confidence ; but my aunt will pardon it, when she knows what a cruel inference it was intended to obviate."

Lord Grondale read the letter, and this was his comment, which he did not chuse to restrain, though Miss Campinet's servant was still in the room, waiting his Lordship's commands.

" Yes—yes—cruel—cruel on both sides. On one, I endeavour to prevent an old woman from being a pander to her grand niece ; on the other, a young fool from running headlong to drown herself in a sea of folly. But of this, Miss Campinet, and of your disobedience to my positive commands, another time. At present I have business."



Miss Campinet, I know not whether most terrified or disgusted, withdrew.

“Now, Sir,” said his Lordship, “for you. I pay you your wages, not to tell me lies, but to obey my orders.”

“I had no orders,” replied James, rather fullenly.

“When I think it necessary to give general orders, I expect my whole family to observe them.”

“My Lord, I did not know I was your servant; I lived with Mrs. Merrick six years; when she died, Miss Campinet retained me.”

“Is it so, Sir? I shall take the liberty to discharge you notwithstanding. Make your bill, and carry it to Brown.”

“I shall carry it to my mistress, my Lord; I have nothing to do with Brown.”

“Out of my sight, you insolent puppy.”

“I never

“ I never desire to come into it, to see the best young lady in the world used worse than a negro.”

James went immediately to Miss Campinet, who, smiling through her tears, thanked him for his good-will, but reproved him for telling stories ; and having made him a handsome present, said, when Lord Grondale's passion was over, she hoped she might obtain permission for him to return.

James answered, he should prefer her service to every other, if she was her own mistress ; but he had rather work day-labour than live in a house where he must see his mistress ill used ; and curse me, added James, if I will, whilst I have life and limb.

“ My dear,” said Miss Fluart, when James was gone, “ whilst I have life and limb, I will never be your mother-in-law ; and yet you do want some such body to take care of you.”

“ Indeed

“ Indeed I am little able to take care of myself.”

“ Now, Caroline, keep the fifth commandment, and honour your father,—if you can. No doubt, it is a very pretty duty, when it is possible to be performed. Where it is not, children must do as well as they can. Dissimulation, I hope, is not one of the seven deadly sins; for it is monstrous convenient on certain occasions.”

“ If it ever is a necessity, Maria, sure it is the most disagreeable one that can be imposed upon an ingenuous mind; and yet you, my dear, have taken it voluntarily upon you.”

“ No, indeed. It is a necessity imposed by friendship.”

“ My heart thanks you, Maria; but my judgment is against you.”

“ I am content with your heart, my dear.”

“ When Lord Grondale discovers the deceit, as soon he must, shall I be the better treated for it?”

“ I think, my dear, I can make his Lordship dance the dance of expectation a couple  
of

of years at least; and whilst I am mother expectant, I hope I may be able to dispose of my daughter in an honourable manner."

So saying, this mother expectant withdrew in a most matronly manner to her own dressing-room.

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CHAP XIV.

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IT was on the following morning Lord Grondale received a letter, whose contents were these:—

“ MY LORD,

“ A certain James Smith, hearing I wanted a fervant, has offered himself, and might suit me, could I depend upon his veracity.

veracity. Of this I have certain reasons to doubt, and imagine your Lordship can have no objection to satisfy me respecting this essential part of moral character.

“ Obedient to the forms of politeness,
I am

“ Your Lordship’s obedient servant,

“ **CHARLES HERMSPRONG.**”

Mr. Hermsprong received this answer:—

“ SIR,

“ I am ordered by Lord Grondale, my master, to let you know that he does not understand what right you can possibly have to trouble him with your concerns; or why
you

you should expect he would condescend to answer impertinence.

“Your servant to command;

“SAMUEL GRANT.”

“P. S. Having obeyed my Lord's orders, I hope you will not take it ill; for how could I do otherwise? But as to James Smith, he's as honest a fellow as ever broke bread; and as to his being a liar, I don't think he ever told a lie in his life, to do any body any harm; as for a joke, I can't say.”

On the next day Lord Grondale had the following:—

“Is it necessary to Lord Grondale that I should never know any thing personal of him, but his pride?—or hear, but of his meanness?”

meanness? If James Smith, as I learn from all but your Lordship he may, can be depended upon for veracity, for what virtues may we depend upon Lord Grondale? For justice? when he can discharge an honest servant for simple obedience to his duty. For kindness? when he can prohibit his angelic daughter from all correspondence with his own venerable aunt, than whom, a more respectable lady the house of Grondale never produced. Is a vindictive spirit so necessarily a constitutional ingredient of noble blood, that twenty-five years, many of them years of suffering, cannot dispose a noble mind to forgiveness? Or, is the marrying a man of honour and probity so deadly a sin, that no time, no misfortune can obliterate it? If Mrs. Garnet, not knowing its value, threw away any part of the pride she might be supposed to inherit, did she diminish any of your Lordship's stock?—But of what quality is that pride, which bends to mean suspicions, and still meaner actions? Could Lord Grondale demand to see Mrs. Garnet's letter

letter to his daughter? Could he read it? And after reading it, could he stigmatize his venerable and virtuous aunt with the horrid appellation of pander to her niece? I have not the egregious folly to suppose that what I have written will give your Lordship any sentiments but of indignation. You will be astonished at the presumption of an obscure person daring thus to address a man of your rank and fortune. I claim, however, and shall always claim, the right to hear and see; the right to contemplate human actions; and the right to despise those I should blush to commit. Alas! the man who is destined to become your Lordship's biographer, must find his motive in money; and matter of eulogium in his invention. But even invention should have some foundation in truth; and there are some traits of your Lordship, perhaps in the more early part of your life, which would puzzle a Jesuit to justify, or a poet to turn to praise.

“CHARLES HERMSPRONG.”

This letter was delivered to Lord Grondale soon after dinner, before the dessert, the wine, or the ladies had left the table. His Lordship was even in good humour, for he thought he had repelled Hermsprong's impertinence with proper dignity, and never did he contemplate himself with more complacency, than when he believed he had kept this dignity in high preservation.

Unless physiologists would do us the favour to explain what motions, solid or fluid, are going on within our microcosms, when, from a state of placidity, we grow in an instant raving mad, I know not why we novel writers should be at the trouble of noting the outward marks with precision, such as redness of face, or lividity, with swearing, or gnashing of teeth. It is sufficient to say, that Lord Grondale, on reading this fatal epistle, lost at once his patience, his pater-nity, and his politeness. He threw it at Miss Campinet, saying, "It is to you, Miss, to you I am obliged for this insult ;
but,

but, assure yourself, you shall repent it to the last hour of your life.

Mrs. Stone, alarmed at this sudden rage, rose, and left the room; Miss Campinet took the letter, trembling, and read, or seemed to read; for indeed she was too much agitated to understand more of it, than that James Smith, probably, had reported the conversation in Lord Grondale's library, and that this was a letter of reproach.

His Lordship in the meantime amused himself with pacing the room with angry steps, (strides they should have been, had the gout so pleased), and exclaiming, "The insolence of the scoundrel! to dare to insult a Peer of the realm, a man of my rank and consequence! But I will rid the country of him, if it costs me 5000l."

"I am sorry, papa," said Miss Campinet, when his Lordship appeared to have recovered his powers of attention, "I am sorry,
3 but

but I hope you do not impute to me things of which I have no knowledge."

"How do I know that? How could that insolent fellow know what passed betwixt you and I, but by your communication?"

"I had the mortification to receive your Lordship's cruel reproof before James Smith."

"Are you sure you did not give him a hint how agreeable his tale would be at that damned house?"

"Is it possible my father can suppose it?"

"Easily. Duty and propriety are soon lost when girls get love in their heads."

"I should be miserable under your displeasure, Sir, had I not the comfort of knowing it is unjust."

"A pretty sentimental flight that; and might have had something in it fifty years since. Daughters now don't grow miserable for such flight causes as a father's displeasure."

“ I beg leave, my Lord, to retire.”

When Miss Campinet had left the room, Miss Fluart said, “ I must own, my Lord, I thought you rather more of a philosopher.”

“ Who can philosophize under such damned provocation ?”

“ Why not, Lord Grondale ; the more is the pity. And of what colour may this mighty provocation be ?”

“ Read that cursed letter.”

“ Why, I must own,” said Miss Fluart, after reading, “ it seems to be written with great force of contempt.”

“ It is beyond endurance.”

“ But, after all, is there much wisdom in suffering one’s tranquillity to lie at the mercy of every man who can call names ?”

Lord Grondale answered this by a new execration of Mr. Hermsprong.

Miss

Miss Fluart continued. "Your Lordship has furnished that this young man might presume to raise his aspiring hopes as high as Miss Campinet. This letter must convince you that he can have no such pretensions; for no man, not absolutely an idiot, could take so preposterous a method of courtship."

"My dear Miss Fluart," said his Lordship, "you are my better angel; you tranquillize, you charm me. What are a thousand daughters compared with so sweet a friend?"

When Lord Grondale's fond fits came on, he had a way of making love with his hands; not very disagreeable perhaps to young ladies from young gentlemen, but very much so from old ones.

To divert this manual operation, Miss Fluart said, "I perceive, my Lord, that Caroline puts you very oft, as Shakespeare says, into impatient thoughts; not, I believe,

lieve, from any fault of her's, but because your Lordship's imagination has gone astray, and has fancied the things that are not. Would it not conduce to your Lordship's peace, therefore, to permit us to make our journey to Falmouth immediately?"

"If I could hope, my dear Miss Fluart, that a wish to return was included in the wish to go, I should be happy."

"There are three things I should like to give your Lordship—faith, hope, and charity; but I despair of two of them; and where they are not, I think hope should not be."

"Oh! give me that," said his gallant Lordship, "and I will take every thing with it you wish to give."

"Oh, but my Lord, matrimony follows hope; does it not?"

"I answer from your own Shakespeare,—'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

"But that was death, not matrimony. Indeed they are both horrid things. I verily believe

believe I shall never be able to endure the thoughts of either."

"You are a dear capricious girl," said his Lordship; "I feel I can have no will but your's."

CHAP. XV.

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ALL ladies know—for all ladies read novels—how extremely dangerous the roads of England are for female travellers, who happen to be young and handsome. The banditti who infest these roads, are of the higher order of mortal men, such as seldom arrive at the gallows, whatsoever may be the pains they take to do it ; Lords, Knights, and gentle Squires. It is their cruel practice to seize, and carry away, *vi et armis*, that is, in

in chaises drawn by flying horses, that distinguished part of the fair sex, called heroines; and confine them in very elegant prisons, where they sometimes cut off their heads, though, more generally, the sweet creatures are, as in days of yore, under the protection of some magician, by whose potent aid they escape without much injury. Surely I did not consider these things, when I turned my two lovely girls into this wide world of danger, with no other guide but their own discretion; a quality indeed inherent in, and inseparable from, the dear sex; but deprived of a little of its original elasticity, by having passed through the hands of that great grandmother of us all, the too credulous Eve.

For this time, however, they escaped all danger, and were set down at the house of Mr. Sumelin, who received them with so little ceremony, that one might conclude he was really pleased to see them. But Mr. Sumelin's deficiency was amply supplied by

his lady and eldest daughter, whose pleasure and happiness were so profuse, that the same wicked concluder might say, all the cordiality lay in the expression; and indeed there was so much of it, that Miss Charlotte Sumelin was under the necessity of speaking her welcome by the eye—an eye moistened by the tear of pure pleasure. Friendship they say is of two sorts, that which is to be felt, and that which is to be said. Both here, at the service of our fair travellers; and whilst they make their choice, and form their arrangements at Falmouth, let us leave them to attend our principal personage, Lord Grondale, now unhappily tormented by two almost incompatible passions, love and revenge.

The business, imposed upon his Lordship by each of these, was highly disagreeable.—Mrs. Stone had been, and indeed still was, of great personal utility to his Lordship, and it was a matter of infinite difficulty to inform her, that her services would in a short time  
be

be no longer required. It would, or should be, quite as difficult to put in execution against Mr. Hermsprong, laws which he had never broke ; for against the laws of England, or any laws but of pride and arrogance, he had not offended ;—but, such is the constitution of great and noble minds, an affront is more unpardonable than a crime.

“ Mrs. Stone,” said his Lordship, one day, when he had gathered together a sufficient quantity of courage to begin the meditated battle, “ I could have forgiven that scoundrel Hermsprong a thousand affronts, better than that cursed one of purchasing Bellegrave. It has been long intended by me, as a sweet and honourable retreat for you, my dear Mrs. Stone, when (for the world is full of incidents) any thing should happen which might make it expedient for us to separate ; for there I might hope still to be benefited by your wisdom and prudence.”



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Now certainly this was as civil and polite a speech as could well be found to begin a quarrel with ; and yet there was in it something not quite agreeable to the lady. She had long desired to be Lady Grondale. It was a trifle on which she had set her heart ; it was a reward she thought due to her merit and services ; and she had contemplated the probability of it, arising from his Lordship's increasing infirmities, till it had almost become certainty. It was not therefore without some degree of alarm, she had observed his Lordship's behaviour, for she could not avoid seeing some tender looks at least, to Miss Fluart ; it was preposterous indeed, to think it could have any consequences ; yet she did not like it. All the civility, therefore, of his Lordship's speech could not atone for the idea of separation which it inculcated, and which threw her into a momentary astonishment, not without some mixture of resentment. Recovering a little from this, she replied, " She wished she  
could

could compliment his Lordship upon his sincerity, as well as his politeness."

"How is that, Madam?"

"Deeds, my Lord, are a better proof of sincerity than words. Had my wisdom and prudence been of value to your Lordship, you would have taken the obvious means to make them your own for life."

"Means may be obvious, Madam, that may not be proper."

"Your Lordship must do as you please, and I as I can. If you are not satisfied with my care and attention——"

"Very much so, Mrs. Stone; but, to tell you the truth, I am disposed to marry. My daughter has offended me; she has got that Hermsprong in her head. To disinherit her requires some troublesome legal operations. A shorter and pleasanter way would be to give her a brother. I cannot expect this of you, Mrs. Stone."

"A son of your own, my Lord?" said the lady, with an arch grin.



“ Why not, Madam ? I know of no physical impossibility.”

“ Nor I of any physical probability. But your Lordship may have a son for all that, if you marry prudently. May I be permitted to ask if your Lordship has fixed upon the lady ?”

“ Miss Fluart.”

“ Miss Fluart !” echoed Mrs. Stone. But the air and tone with which she said them is not for my pen to describe.

“ Miss Fluart !” she repeated, after a pause.

“ What is there incongruous in this ?” his Lordship asked.

“ Oh nothing, nothing ! the congruity will be prodigious. Ages so near ; tempers so alike ; the lady so willing to make the most of her charms. O yes ! you will have a son !”

“ When you are in the humour to make black white, and a devil of an angel, Madam, I know no person with finer powers ; but at present I beg you will not put them to the proof.”



“ I must, however, take the liberty to tell your Lordship, that this affair is as dishonourable with respect to me, as it is ridiculous with regard to yourself ; and take my word for it, my Lord, the repentance will be bitter.”

With this prophecy Mrs. Stone flew out of the apartment.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVI.

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OVID de amore informs us, and I inform my fair readers, that lovers may be divided scientifically into three classes; the naturals, the non-naturals, and the mixed. The first are those who think only of the persons of their mistresses, the second of their purses, the last of both;—but of such a variety of proportions, with adjuncts and conjuncts; the genera, the orders, the species run into
one

one another so unlike any other earthly beings, that I fear it will take me years to arrange and describe them, so as the British fair may reap the full harvest of my labours.

Had my system been now complete, of what advantage might it not have been to my two lovely girls at Falmouth, whose arrival caused as great a conflux of beaux as a race-ball. Never were libations to Cornish divinities more full and frequent. Man, we know, is a plant, and is thought by many something more. It is because the theologians and philosophers have not agreed about this something more, that botanists have never been able to complete their classifications; so Miss Campinet, for want of science, shrunk, like the sensitive plant, from the touch, and as much as possible from the looks of all her votaries, and wearied them out by a silent but steady reserve. All but Sir Philip Chestrum, a gentleman of sufficient consequence to induce us to say
some-

something of his lineage, and something of himself.

His father was a citizen of London, where, till the decline of life, he lived unmarried, intent only upon acquiring fortune. Yet he was a reasonable man ; he said to himself, ‘ I will stop at a quarter of a million, and then I will enjoy myself. This laudable resolution he kept ; and purchasing an estate in Cornwall, retired to it for enjoyment. He became sheriff, and afterwards was created a Baronet, for some of those services for which Baronets and greater than Baronets are now created. Notwithstanding all this, he grew weary of rural tranquillity, and was obliged to marry, to prevent excess of ease. In this he succeeded well, for he married Miss Raioule, a maiden lady, not much more than forty ; of a very ancient family, with small fortune, but great dignity of thought, and energy of speech. This lady bore Sir Philip one child only, a son ; but unaccustomed to the business, some part of it seemed imper-

imperfectly performed; for the child was feeble, small, and half-animated. He grew, indeed, to the height of five English feet, but not equally. His legs bore too large a proportion to his body. In short, he might resemble that important personage, who, Sir John Falstaff said, looked like a man made after supper of a cheese paring.

Sir Philip died five years after the birth of his heir, leaving him to fight his way against death and the Faculty; and his lady to fight her's against enemies almost as hostile—against the corruptions of uncontrouled affluence, and against a host of lovers, all of the class of the non-naturals. So far neither had yielded;—the lady was supposed to have obtained a solid victory, for she had passed her twelfth lustrum; for poor Sir Philip, he was doomed to war eternal.

In this young gentleman's case, there was no occasion to consider the arguments for public and private education; his constitution

tion and his mother, both determined for the latter ; but the office of preceptor was almost a sinecure, for dear Sir Philip was too weak for study, and never stood in the least need of correction. When, therefore, he arrived at the age of freedom, he found himself possessed of great wealth, without the least inclination to spend it ; of unbounded pride, without the necessary judgment to correct it ; of literature, not quite none ; and of the smallest possible quantity of human kindness. With gentlemen he had no commerce ; was well received by mothers and aunts ; but by daughters and nieces with the glance of scorn, or the ill-concealed titter of contempt.

CHAP.

[CHAP XVII.

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MISS CAMPINET was the first young lady he had seen, on whom, unawed by the fear of ridicule, he durst bestow his affections. Sweetness of temper, attention to please, unwillingness to mortify, were habits of this young lady's mind ; and she could not suddenly break them, even for Sir Philip.— Several times he had looked at her with all the love his eyes were capable of expressing, and once or twice had ventured on broken hints

hints to express his admiration. As often he had led her to her carriage, and once was her partner at an assembly, without giving herself airs of derision. To such fascinating sweetnesses Sir Philip had been little accustomed; the divinity of Grondale stole his heart, like a thief in the night; and, by her gentle demeanour, at length emboldened him to speak.

It was on a tea visit to Mrs. Sumelin: Miss Campinet had declined the card table; and Sir Philip having cut out, placed himself by her. He did not immediately speak, because it came into his head that now was the time to say something—something that should express his affection, and also impress Miss Campinet with a high idea of himself. The young lady, attentive to her knotting, gave him what time he pleased. At length he opened with, “I think, Miss, you are the most agreeable young lady I ever saw in my life.”

“ I

"I thank you for your good opinion, Sir Philip," said Miss Campinet, without taking her eyes from her work.

"Many young ladies," the Baronet continued, "use me with ill manners. I cannot tell why; for if I am not so handsome as some are, there is nothing about me that's frightful; and they ought to consider my birth and family. But most of the young ladies hereabout are such scornful giggling creatures; and I can't tell for what neither. I should blush to make a Lady Chestrum of any of them. My family, Miss Campinet, is very great and noble by my mother's side. She was a Raiole, a great name in English history. I have some thoughts of changing my name to it, by Act of Parliament; for Chestrum is but an odd sort of name. Besides, my father was in trade once, and his title a new one; so people looking more at his side than my mother's, I don't get so much respect on account of my family as is my due. Should not you like Raiole better than Chestrum, Miss Campinet?"

"It



"It is softer," the lady replied; "it has more vowels in it."

"I knew you would like it best, for you have the finest taste. Pray, Miss Campinet, how far do you count?"

"Twenty," answered Miss Campinet, after a pause of a few moments, till she conceived the meaning of the question.

"Twenty! twenty descents you mean from the first stock? But to what King's reign? Lady Chestrum goes up by her father to Richard the First."

"I fancy," said Miss Campinet, "my father goes up to Noah, if not to Adam."

"Now, that's turning it into a joke, and it's no joke, I assure you. People of family, now there are so many levellers about, ought to be more careful than ever. Lady Chestrum says, that now-a-days it is the only thing one can value one's self upon; for as to money, that is every body's that can get it."

"So I think is title."

"But it is not every scrub that can get it."



"Not quite."

"To be sure, it is a monstrous shame to see new families spring up so like mushrooms."

"They will be old in time."

"But then, how did they get their honours? Not in fields of battle, like the Raïoules."

"Don't you think it as honourable to get money as to kill men?"

"No,—not in an honourable way; in war and battle. If it is, why do histories talk about Cæsar and Alexander, and them?"

"For no good reason, indeed, that I know of."

"But it is a poor pride that's founded upon money."

"I scarcely know a pride that is not poor. Is it not Solomon who says, pride was not made for man?"

"For who then?"

"Peacocks, probably."

"But will women let them have it?"

This

This was so good a conceit, that it took Sir Philip two minutes to laugh at it. Miss Campinet then resumed.

“ I can readily allow, Sir Philip, that women are as proud as men ; but I think men disgrace themselves by being proud of the same silly things. Men may be poets, philosophers, artists—every thing that adorns or improves society. Man may be liberal, benevolent ; his pride, if he must have pride, should be founded on merit ; and that merit should be his own.”

“ As if any thing could be more a man’s own than what his father leaves him. As to your philosophy, and all that, a gentleman may either have it, or not have it ; it makes no difference. He is neither more nor less a gentleman. Whether I read Greek and Latin, or not, I am the same man, am I not ? and born of the same father and mother ?”

“ The latter, Sir Philip, no doubt ; and will be as well received at the herald’s office.”

“ Yes,

"Yes, and at Court too, Miss Campinet ; I have been amongst the courtiers, I assure you ; but they never asked after my learning ; but whether I was church and king, and if I had any boroughs ? And why not ? Every man to his trade. I should have been amongst them before now, for my talents lie that way ; but Lady Chestrum thinks I have not strength to bear the fatigues of government."

"That is great pity indeed."

"Yes, is it not ? But you are the most kindly-hearted young lady that ever I saw ; I could not help loving you if I would. Now I'll tell you a secret. Lady Chestrum and I don't always hit it ; she has such odd fancies. Would you believe it ? she is every now and then for hearing me my catechism. I take physic to please her twice a week ; and if I have not stools enough, I must have another dose. I eat just what she would have me ; I dress just as she would have me ; and yet she scolds. I assure you I am forced to keep cordials in my closet, to raise my spirits ;

and they will hardly do sometimes. I sleep very ill; and if I wake in the night, and find myself all alone, I feel so uncomfortable. Now, pray tell me, Miss Campinet, don't you think I had better marry?"

"It is not my business to think for Sir Philip Chestrum."

"I awake," continued the Baronet, "sometimes all in a sweat for fear; and say my prayers till my teeth chatter in my head. Now, if I found a sweet pretty young lady, such an one as I know who, by my side, it would be quite another thing; don't you think it would, Miss Campinet?"

Miss Campinet was considering whether she should laugh or be angry. Sir Philip went on.

"To be sure, a man of my family and fortune might marry when he pleased, and pick the world through almost. But there's very few, very few indeed, Miss Campinet, that would suit me. I assure you, I have a refined



refined taste. She who wins my heart, must have beauty and elegance. I should like a good fortune too, for wives now-a-days bring expences. Lady Chestrum insists upon family. Now, pray, Miss Campinet, do you know ever a young lady who would suit me?"

"You seem to have a full sense of your own merits, Sir Philip; and as you rate them, I really do not know any woman who can deserve you."

"Now I do know one. Shall I shew you her picture?"

"I have no great curiosity, Sir Philip."

"O—but I promise you, you will like her; see now if you don't." And the gallant Sir Philip held a pocket mirror to her eyes. "I need not tell her name, need I, Miss Campinet?"

Miss Campinet was on the point of answering with uncommon asperity, when a bustle at one of the card-tables prevented her. Sir Philip was called upon to play.



“ I shall play so well now !” said he :  
“ you cannot think, Miss Campinet how  
happy you have made me !”

In this Sir Philip was perfectly right ; Miss  
Campinet could not think what she had said  
or done to make him happy ; but formed the  
instant resolution,—could Miss Campinet  
have so little benevolence?—not to be so  
lavish of her power in future, if she could  
find out in what it consisted.

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## CHAP. XVIII.

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ONE morning, at breakfast, Mr. Sumelin had the misfortune to scald his fingers, simply for the common cause of such accidents, doing one thing, and thinking of another.—Mrs. Sumelin, as is usual in these small domestic cases, began to scold.

“If I had broke the cup, Madam,” Mr. Sumelin answered, “it would have been a crime inexpiable, but by a new set. This

is, I suppose, a regular tax upon husbands ; I submit to it ; but I really cannot submit to the not being allowed to scald my own fingers."

" It was so thoughtless, Mr. Sumelin," said his lady.

" Was it not rather too much thought ?" asked Miss Fluart.

" It's all one," Mrs. Sumelin answered.

" To the tea-cup," said the husband, " or to things which want understanding."

" I suppose that means that I want understanding," said the lady.

" There is very extraordinary news from Constantinople, my dear," said the banker ; " fifty of the Grand Signior's wives were brought to bed in one night."

" Fifty ! Mr. Sumelin," said the astonished lady.

" Fifty," replied the banker.

" Wives, papa ?" asked Miss Sumelin.

" No—not precisely what we should call wives in England ; but something very like them. You must know, the Grand Signior  
buys

buys his ladies ; and, for the honour of your sex, I must tell you, that some of them have cost him 1000l. English money, whilst a man who sells for 100l. must be extraordinary. I suppose his Highness's female stock may be rated at 100,000l. so you see, my dear (to Mrs. Sumelin), it is not the number which is the wonder, but the all of one night. His Sublime Greatness had a small fit of astonishment about it, and sent for the head of the Kislar Aga, to make it more comprehensible. This is the chief of the black monsters, appointed to preserve the chastity of the Seraglio ; whose head, however, for they had brought it without its body, could give the Sultan no possible information. His Sublimity assembled an extraordinary divan ; and this divan, judging only by their own experience, were upon the point of giving an opinion very unfavourable to the poor women, when the Mufti rose, and made an oration of twenty-five minutes, in that silent country one of the longest ever known. The purport of it

was to shew, that the power of the prophet of God was not limited to so small exertions. If God pleased, all the women in the world might be brought to bed in one night ; and perhaps the prophet might intend to reward the piety of our most august Monarch, king of the kings of the earth, by this display of his unbounded liberality. What do you think of it, my dear ?”

“ To be sure, Mr. Sumelin, if it be true, it’s rather odd.”

“ One meets with odd things every day. A most extraordinary odd gentleman has been with me this morning—Mr. Herm-sprong ; he requested I would pay his compliments to Miss Campinet and Miss Fluart, and ask permission to pay his respects ; though he could not, he said, presume for that favour on any claim of his own.”

“ Oh dear !” said Miss Campinet.

“ But he imagined Miss Campinet would be pleased to hear of the health of Mrs. Garnet.

“ Indeed



“ Indeed I shall,” Miss Campinet answered.

“ It is very true,” said Miss Fluart, “ that the gentleman never danced with Miss Campinet at a ball, nor has any other of the usual claims to her acquaintance ; saving one’s life, indeed, may be something, but then it was an unavoidable accident ; he could not help it ; and so it is well paid by a little private gratitude. But pray, Sir, why do you give Mr. Hermsprong the character of odd and extraordinary ? ”

“ Simply, because one does not every day see such an one. Is it not extraordinary, that a gentleman should think of nothing, when he speaks, but truth ? and are not his sentiments almost as singular as just ? Then he is engaged in the oddest business.”

“ Is that a secret business ? Miss Fluart asked.

“ Many a gentleman would be ashamed of it,” the banker answered. “ It is the condescending to notice poor objects in distress, and taking the trouble to relieve them.

As I am his banker, I have the honour to know several of these objects."

"Sir," said Miss Fluart, "I had before lost half my heart; if I hear more, the whole is in danger."

"Yea, Maria," said Mr. Sumelin; "but these objects are all females."

"Indeed!" said Miss Fluart; "that circumstance may alter the nature of the benevolence. What sort of females, Sir?"

"Sailors' wives—not very tempting, I must own,—one excepted, whom I once saw—a foreigner, young, beautiful, and unfortunate. But her history you must learn from him. I am unacquainted with it."

"And when," Miss Fluart asked, "will this unpretending gentleman presume to wait upon us?"

"He asked when you would be most at leisure? I answered, at dinner."

"But," says he, "I so seldom dine."

"Dine!" says I, "zounds! you eat I suppose."

"Copi-

“Copiously,” he answered; “but betwixt eating and dining there is such a difference.”

“What difference?” I asked.

“An English dinner,” he answered, “is so melancholy.”

“Melancholy! Really,” said I, “I never before heard the word so applied,”

“If to dine,” he answered, “were only to eat, twenty minutes would be ample.—You sit usually a couple of hours; and you talk, and call it conversation. You make learned remarks on winds and weather; on roads; on dearness of provisions; and your essays on cookery are amazingly edifying. Not much less so are your histories of your catarrhs and tooth-achs. Not content with this mass of amusement, you continue your beneficence to that unfortunate viscus, the stomach, under the name of dessert, till it almost faints under the obligation. No matter, spur it on with wine. It is said, that physicians have much increased in your country; one great reason may be, because you dine.”

“ Then I must not presume,” said I, “ to ask you to dinner ?”

“ Yes,” he answered, “ you may. I have some reason to suspect the human intellect at your table in higher preservation. At least, I can feast my eyes.”—So at three to-day you may expect him.”

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CHAP. XIX.  
  
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AT three, then, Mr. Hermíprong entered the dining apartment. His figure was interesting ; not quite made, indeed, after the model of the Apollo, in the Belvidere, but full as pleasing perhaps, except to persons steeped in virtù. But he had faults ; one for which it would be difficult to procure pardon in the court of politeness. It was a sort of secret contempt for politeness itself, or rather for its forms ; forms so numerous

merous and trifling, that they destroyed its essence. It was quite disagreeable to Mrs. Sumelin and Miss Harriet to see them, that is to say, the bows, the smiles, and the graces, hurried over to-day, in order to address himself more particularly to Miss Campinet, for whom he had brought a letter from Mrs. Garnet.

During dinner, Mrs. Sumelin asked a question or two, which put Mr. Sumelin in mind of a certain malady with which his lady was afflicted, that of desiring to know other people's concerns. He was afraid lest the inquisition itself, or the mode of it, might not be to the taste of his guest; and therefore very bluntly and honestly asked Mr. Hermsprong's pardon before hand, for any offence which might be committed, by asking impertinent questions.

“ Impertinence cannot be intended,” Mr. Hermsprong replied; “ conversation, to be agreeable, must have a certain degree of
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of freedom Grant me the liberty of not replying to questions I chuse not to answer, and ask what you please."

"Pray, Sir," said Mrs. Sumelin, do you design to settle in England?"

"That, Madam, depends on certain circumstances," Mr. Hermsprong replied.

"Pray, may one be so free as to ask the nature of those circumstances?"

"Certainly, Madam; and it is one of those questions I take the liberty of not answering."

"Perhaps," said Miss Sumelin, "the gentleman comes a courting, and does not know yet if he shall succeed."

"I like the perhappes of young ladies, they are so pretty and interesting. But no, Madam, I did not come to England to court; perhaps I have found the disposition since my arrival."

There was a small tinge of red on Mr. Hermsprong's cheeks as he said this. He had thrown a wandering and rapid glance amongst

amongst the other young ladies, who could never precisely determine at whom it was directed.

“ You call yourself American ?” said Mr. Sumelin.

“ By birth ; but of European parents.”

“ Which country, Sir, had the honour of your education ?”

“ That honour, Sir, is due to savage America. I left it only four years since. Since when, I have seen many countries.”

“ And which do you like best ?”

“ All have something to like, and something to dislike.”

“ Is there no one to which you would give a general preference ?”

“ If you are a true Englishman, you will be angry that I do not, without hesitation, answer England. But I have not yet known it sufficiently. Hitherto, I have only travelled ; and I have observed, that one lives well every where, if one has money,—and ill, if one has not. Every where, with money,

one gets friends. Every where they give us good dinners, as you do to-day. Every where one may fall in love; and every where be happy, if one knows how."

"Have you in any country seen happiness more diffused than in England?"

"If by happiness you mean money, I think not."

"Money produces the conveniences of life, and its comforts; these produce happiness."

"It produces also the pride, the vanity, the parade of life; and these, if I mistake not, produce in their consequences, a tolerable quantity of the anxieties; and anxiety is not happiness."

"To depreciate money, is to depreciate commerce, its mother: this the English will not bear."

"I know it well; but I suppose there may be too much even of good things."

"We say, the more commerce, the more prosperity."

"This

"This is changing the idea. Individual happiness was the question; not national prosperity. Your debts and other blessings, flowing from the best of all possible governments, impose upon you the necessity of being the first workshop of the world. You labour incessantly for happiness. If you find it, it is well. But savages, like me, have no idea of the happiness of incessant labour."

"Of such savages as you I have no knowledge; those I do know, have not seemed too abundant in felicity."

"It is from the habits of civilized life, as you call it, that you have derived this opinion. They have, notwithstanding, no inconsiderable portion of positive happiness, and a still greater of what may be called negative; they want the far greater part of your moral causes of misery."

"And one physical—food."

"There are improvident characters among them, and the number is not diminished by your rum bottles; but they have in general enough, though not what you would call plenty."

plenty. No—what they most fail in, is intellectual pleasure. To enlarge their felicity, I ask not your gaudy habiliments, to puff them up with the silliest of all the vanities; I ask not your glittering equipages, to give them at once pride and debility. Keep your palaces and pomp. Keep your splendid abundance, and its diseases. Give them simple plenty, strength, and health. Give them to multiply the objects of their reflection; and to extend the powers of their mind. That, to me, should seem the happiest state of society, in which all its members had the power, to alternate the employments of the mind and body, that the operations of each might be enjoyment. So would the rich man's curse be avoided, that of not knowing what to do with himself; and the poor man's also, that of knowing it but too well."

"And where is this state of society to be found?"

"Alas! no where,—not even in America."

"Not

" Not *even* in America ! As you lay the emphasis, you seem to think America approaches nearest your state of society."

" I do. Yet still at an immense distance from the ultimatum."

" Perhaps it is impracticable ?"

" I fear it is. Manners must change much, and governments more. The first is possible ; for manners are addicted to change. The latter is hopeless ; governments do not change, at least for the better."

" There are who say, that of America is excellent. There are who say it is superior to our's."

" That you cannot believe ?"

" Not easily."

" You are a good Englishman. But I believe, indeed, their government would not do for you."

" Why so, if it is good ?"

" A simple government, without money to buy men, is little adapted to a people who will do nothing till they are bought."

" You

“ You suppose, then, we have no patriotism.”

“ Which of your patriots would prefer a civic crown, to a bank note, or a purse of guineas ?”

“ You are severe upon us.”

“ No,—it is simple observation. I call you no names; I lay no crimes to your charge; I impute to you nothing worse than the having followed the usual course of things. You are rich, and addicted to pleasure, to luxury. It is a consequence that has always followed wealth; and a consequence of this addiction is political carelessness, the immediate precursor of political corruption. But, Mr. Sumelin, I understand it is not the custom here to talk upon politics before ladies. I am told it is a breach of politeness.”

“ Is it not your opinion also, Sir,” Miss Fluart asked, “ that the subject is improper for our sex ?”

“ I think no subject improper for ladies, which ladies are qualified to discuss; nor any subject
subject

subject they would not be qualified to discuss, if their fathers first, and then themselves, so pleased."

"You do not then," said Miss Fluart, "approve our mode of education?"

"Not quite."

"Faith, nor I neither," said Sumelin. "Women have too much liberty."

"I, on the contrary, think they have too little."

"Too little," exclaimed the banker. "English women too little liberty!"

"Well, then," Hermsprong replied, "they have too much."

"Yes," Sumelin answered, "that is indubitable to me. - But you—is it the love of paradox which makes you maintain contrary propositions?"

"Perhaps," Mr. Hermsprong returned, "we may be reconciled, if, as I suspect, you mean that English young ladies of a certain age and rank have too much liberty of person. This I am ready to grant you, *pro gratia*,

gratia, if you will have the goodness to allow they have too little liberty of mind."

"To so courteous an antagonist," said Sumelin, "I would allow all I could; but this—this is really too much. And pray, Sir, when they carry their pretty persons to routs and Ranelaghs, balls and masquerades, do they not carry their minds with them?"

"Yes," Mr. Hermsprong answered,—
"such as they have, minds imprisoned,—which, instead of ranging the worlds of physics and metaphysics, are confined to the ideas of these routs and Ranelaghs, with their adjuncts of cards, dress, and scan—I beg pardon—I mean criticism."

"And are women such things?" asked Miss Campinet.

"Some women are such things, Miss Campinet," answered Hermsprong. "Some are what they ought to be."

"There are very few of this latter description though," said Miss Fluart, archly.—

"Did you ever see two?"

"Not

"Not two at a time, perhaps—out of this company."

"I declare," said Miss Fluart, "I will have nothing to do with your insidious exceptions."

"Be not angry with me, my dear Miss Fluart; be women what they may, I am destined to be an adorer. Be angry at Mr. Sumelin here, the indiscriminating Mr. Sumelin. Be angry at Mrs. Woolstonecraft, who has lately abused the dear sex, through two octave volumes; who affirms that the mode of their education turns the energies of their minds on trifles."

"Energies!" says Sumelin, with a certain tone.

"Energies," firmly repeated Herm-sprong. "Who has presumed to say," he continued, "that the homage men pay to youth and beauty is insidious; that women, for the sake of this evanescent, this pitiful dominion, permit themselves to be persuaded, that their highest glory is to submit

to

to this inferiority of character, and become the mere plaything of man. Can this be so?"

"Now, the devil take me," said Sumelin, "if I know what either you or this Mrs. Wolstonecraft would be at. But this I know, that the influence of women is too great; that it has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

"Well, then," Mr. Hermsprong answered, "let it be diminished on the side of—charms; and let its future increase be on the side of mind."

"To what purpose?" the banker asked. "To invade the provinces of men? Weaker bodies, you will allow, Nature has given them, if not weaker minds."

"Whatsoever may be the designs of Nature respecting the sex, be her designs fulfilled. If she gave this bodily weakness, should education be brought in to increase it? But it is for mind I most contend; and if 'a firm mind in a firm body,' be supposed the best prayer of man to the gods, why not

of women? Would they be worse mothers for it, or more helpless widows?"

"No," said Sumelin; "but they would be less charming figures."

"Whilst they think of their charming figures, as much as you suppose them to do, Mrs. Wolstonecraft must write in vain."

"And when," the banker asked, "will they think less of them?"

"When," answered Hermsprong, "they are better taught."

"And when will that be?" again asked Sumelin.

"I know not," his opponent returned. "The change, if change there can be, must begin with men. Lovers must mix a little more wisdom with their adorations. Parents, in their modes of education, must make less distinction of sex."

"Mr. Hermsprong," said Sumelin, "this is pretty and sentimental, but it cometh not of knowledge. There are two things co-existent with women, and co-eternal; admiration of fineries and of themselves. Eve, the
the

the hour of her birth, saw herself in the lake, and found herself more fair, more amiably fair, than her dear Adam; and her dear daughters will do the same, as long as clear water and looking glasses-exist."

"With all imaginable deference to Milton's authority and your's, Mr. Sumelin, I must be of opinion, that women would leave the lesser vanities, and learn lessons of wisdom, if men would teach them; and in particular, this, that more permanent and more cordial happiness might be produced to both the sexes, if the aims of woman were rather to obtain the esteem of men, than that passionate, but transient affection, usually called love."

"Transient!" exclaimed Miss Fluart; "then inconstancy, I suppose, is one of the virtues of man."

"No, Miss Fluart, nor of woman; but is it very common for husbands to preserve the ardour of lovers?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Sumelin.

"Nor can it be, Madam, how much soever the ladies may wish and expect it. I

suppose it is one of Nature's positive laws, that even diamond rings, worn a while, cease to raise that glow in a lady's bosom, which first possession excited."

"I think," said Mrs. Sumelin, "it is not very polite to compare a lady to a diamond ring."

"Would a rose, dear Madam, be more to your taste? But the most fragrant odour of that, you know, is on the first application."

"You might compare us to better things, I think," Mrs. Sumelin said, "than either roses or diamonds."

"To angels! Unfortunately I know nothing of angels; and I make it a rule, not to talk of what I am wholly ignorant."

This produced a toss from Mrs. Sumelin, a general smile, but no answer; till Miss Campinet, fearing the subject might be dropped, said, "You seem to wish a considerable change in women, Sir—what would you have them be?"

"Very

"Very much like Miss Campinet; sensible, just, beneficent."

"Would not you have them like me too?" Miss Fluart asked. "Am not I also a model of perfection?"

"I do not know perfection."

"Not even in Miss Campinet?"

"Not even in Miss Campinet."

"It is but few hours since I was told I had not a fault."

"And did you believe it?"

"No doubt."

"I have been often told, that in very, very civilized countries no man could hold up the mirror of truth to a lady's face without ill manners?" I came to try."

"And have you succeeded?"

"Have I been guilty of ill manners?"

"Why no—not violently. Still less can you be accused of politeness."

"Alas! I am distracted betwixt truth and politeness. What would I not give they were one and indivisible!"

"It would be a great change indeed," said Mr. Sumelin. "But do you think women would be gainers by it?"

"I know not what ladies call gain. They would be beings of reason."

"And dare you," says Miss Fluart, "dare you look a lady in the face, and tell her she is not a being of reason?"

"When I look Miss Fluart in the face, I do not think of reason."

"Of what then?"

"Of beauty and good humour?"

"This will not do. I shall not be so bribed. It is the cause of my sex. Say again, if you dare, that women are not beings of reason."

"Did I say so?"

"Yes, by implication."

"I see my error. My rash and daring tongue is corrected by my eyes. Your pardon——"

"So good a cause," cried Sumelin, "so cowardly given up!"

"I

" I suspect the cause is not good. We are, like unhallowed satirists, involving in one promiscuous censure all the fair daughters of men. Let us be more just, Mr. Sumelin; they are our equals in understanding, our superiors in virtue. They have foibles where men have faults, and faults where men have crimes. In the gaiety of conversation it may be allowed, at least it will be assumed, to put the whole for a part, perhaps a small part; but it would be wise in man, when he makes the error of woman his contemplation, not to forget his own."

In saying this, Mr. Hermsprong rose to go.

" I suppose," said Miss Fluart, " this is what you call the amende honorable, and that it will absolve you of all your sins. But I move, to punish you, by confinement to our society, the rest of the day."

" What unheard-of cruelty! but your motion is not seconded."

"I second it," said the younger Miss Sumelin.

"Motion is always followed by debate, you know. Grant me one hour to fulfil a promise, and I will return to endure the sentence of my judges."

"Is your promise to a lady?" Miss Fluart asked.

"It is."

"In such a case, who can refuse?"

When Mr. Hermisprong was gone, and after two minutes' silence, Mrs. Sumelin said, "I declare now I do not like this young man at all."

"Nor I," said the eldest daughter.

"That I can easily believe," said the father; "it has a cause;—but your cause of dislike, Mrs. Sumelin, I can but guess at."

"He has not the least bit of politeness," said Mrs. Sumelin.

"A little, my dear, you might allow him; I own he does not appear to have sufficient for every lady's necessity."

"His

“ His notions are quite shocking,” said Mrs. Sumelin ; “ don’t you think so, Miss Campinet ? ”

“ I thought his ideas singular, Madam,” this young lady answered, “ but not shocking.”

“ But they are vastly foolish,” said Miss Sumelin ; “ how absurd it was to talk of women doing men’s work ! ”

“ One may excuse the absurdity, supposing it to be one,” said Miss Campinet, “ for the sake of the compliment. Few men will allow us capacities for their employments.”

“ It is no compliment in my mind,” said Miss Sumelin ;—and so will ladies think the remainder of this century, let Mrs. Wolstonecraft say what she will.

CHAP. XX.

MR. HERMSPRONG did not return in an hour; it was more than two; and Miss Campinet and Miss Fluart were just gone their usual evening's walk. He joined them, but had no longer the face of gay hilarity with which he had left Mr. Sumelin's. He seemed more than pensive. An air of soft melancholy rendered him more interesting to Miss Campinet, who thought he had

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lately

lately wept, and that he could scarce now suppress the starting tear. She could not help asking, and with more apparent interest than this question is usually asked with,—

“Are you not well, Sir?”

“Not ill, Miss Campinet, unless the mind has diseases.”

Miss Campinet could not pursue the enquiry. She found she could not trust her voice. Miss Fluart, however, who had no taste for the silent pensive walk, said, “Perhaps you have found the lady ill, Sir?”

No answer.

“Perhaps inattentive to your complaints?”

“I have not made her any, Madam.”

“Or you may not have been properly attentive to her, and she may have been upon the tender reproach.”

“I hope I shall give no lady cause for reproach.”

“ When a gentleman pays a visit to a lady in a gay humour, and returns in a sad one, one guesses there must be a cause.”

“ And that cause—love ?”

“ A very possible conjecture ; especially if the lady is unmarried.”

“ Yes,” said Hermsprong, with a sigh, “ she is unmarried—indeed unmarried ; the widow of an hour.”

“ Oh dear !” said Miss Campinet. Then after a pause she asked, “ Is her misery aggravated by other circumstances ? Can I assist her ? Is she in want !”

“ Of kindness, not of bread.”

“ Is there any secret in her story ?”

“ None. She is of a genteel family in France ; of the small Noblesse ; and was designed for a nunnery. A Monsieur Marcour, late an Officer in the Navy, and who had a small independent fortune, taught her to dislike her destiny. To have him, it was necessary to run away with him, and she did so. Reconciliation with the lady’s family was a vain attempt : indeed it would have
added

added little to their happiness ; and to their fortune, its value would have been negative.

“ Mr. Marcour conducted his lady to St. Maloes, where they lived in much felicity. War being declared against England, he accepted the command of a ship of the line, which not being yet ready, he went on a cruize, as captain of a privateer. His first days were fortunate. He sent in to St. Maloes two prizes of value ; but about the eighth day was himself taken, and carried into Falmouth. In the engagement he received a wound, the cure of which was not advanced by ill fortune and a prison.

“ Three days since Mrs. Marcour arrived, spent with fatigue and grief ; for she had been obliged to pass first into Holland, and forced to sell her gold watch, and other valuable trinkets, before she could prosecute her journey.

“ I happened to have made a little acquaintance with poor Marcour, and was with him when his lady arrived. I cannot

describe their meeting—I cannot—words cannot describe it. I am little addicted to the melting mood. At most human complaints I laugh; for most of them are created and fed by our follies. But this—this is of war,—and it is not, I find, prudent to call war a folly. There have been philosophers, and even divines, such as they are, who have said that wars were means of Providence to prevent the too great multiplication of mankind. If Providence has decreed it, submission is our duty; but it requires indeed a revelation to convince us, that Omnipotence can find no expedient more adapted to its benevolence, than this terrible scourge of the human race. Till this revelation arrives, I wish—but it is folly to wish.”

“Let us hear it, however,” said Miss Fluart.

“The historian of Louis the XIVth admits, that this magnificent monarch, three times at least, made war upon his neighbours for no other earthly cause than pure glory.

glory. Other monarchs, in ancient times, have done the same for pure plunder. Which is the better motive, I do not determine. To future monarchs, desirous to imitate such illustrious examples, and to future ministers, whose complaisance may happen to have the ascendant over their patriotism, I wish—the tooth-ache during the war; or the head or heart-ache, or any ache capable of reducing them to beings of humanity; or if that is too much to expect, into beings of common sense, and common honesty.”

“ But poor Mrs. Marcour ?” said Miss Campinet.

“ How, Miss Campinet, is agony to be described ? How, a mixed mass of tenderness and horror ? On the part of the lady, swoonings and embraces ; of the gentleman, fortitude struggling against affection and despondence. By degrees these violent emotions subsided ; nor indeed could they have been much longer supported but at the expence

expenditure of life. It was then my business to administer comfort in my way, and to entreat Mrs. Marcour to permit me to procure for her better accommodation than could be had in such a place. With a look, half expressive of thanks, half of reproach, she asked if it was possible, in her situation, to feel accommodation? to enjoy comforts of which Mr. Marcour was deprived? For refreshment, however, I did prevail; and then left them to enjoy the extreme of misery, in comfort."

"This," said Miss Fluart, "is the oddest mixture of phrase."

"I give it you, dear Madam, to alter and amend. It was the first arrangement of words to express my conceptions, which offered themselves; and I seldom take the trouble to wait for a second."

"You visited your friends next day, I am sure?" said Miss Campinet.

"The certainty, Madam, does me honour. Yes, I did; and found wretchedness—not less perhaps—but less turbulent.

The

The surgeon, having dressed his patient, whispered me, there were some appearances of gangrene. I called in Doctor Brown to prevent its progress, which, I believed, was happily effected. This morning I was assured Mr. Marcour was out of danger. It gave me spirits, and Mrs. Marcour felicity. Indulging hope, I left you to call in upon them, and went, as usual, into the room without ceremony. The silence surprised me. They were lain down both together upon his miserable bed. Thinking them asleep, I was going to retire; but catching a glance of Mr. Marcour's face, there was something in it which did not look like sleep. In short, my dear ladies, he was dead, and Mrs. Marcour in a fainting fit by his side. How long she had lain thus insensible to her own existence, I know not, nor do I yet know the circumstances of Mr. Marcour's death, nor even its cause. For the relief of the lady I ran immediately to Doctor Brown. We procured lodgings, and conveyed her to them,
still

still insensible; since then, she has recovered and relapsed several times. She has a nurse, and the Doctor is still in attendance. I promised to relieve him. In this situation, if I do not appear to take pleasure even in your company, ladies, I am sure you will pardon me, and you will have the goodness to excuse my request to you to shorten your walk. Mrs. Marcour knows no one but myself. I wish to be present at her recovery."

"I insist upon it, Mr. Hermsprong," Miss Campinet said, "we do not detain you an instant; and pray tell me, can I be of service in any way?"

"Not to-night, Miss Campinet," Mr. Hermsprong answered.

"Promise," said she, "to inform me when I can; and impose what duty you please upon me."

Mr. Hermsprong took her hand, and putting it respectfully to his lips, bowed, and vanished without a word.

Either

Either in the story itself, or in Mr. Herm-
sprong's manner of telling it, there was
something that repressed the gaiety even of
Miss Fluart, and the ladies walked home in
silence.

CHAP. XXI.

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ON the next morning Miss Campinet rose earlier than usual, and when she came down to the breakfast parlour, found Mr. Herm-sprong there. He came to give her intelligence respecting Mrs. Marcour; for she appeared to have taken an interest in that lady—an interest which, as Mrs. Marcour was unknown, could arise from humanity alone; and compassion for the unfortunate, accompanied with benevolence, was precisely what,

what, in Mr. Hermsprong's opinion, raised the female character to the highest degree of perfection.

"I am sorry to acquaint you, Miss Campinet," he said, "that there is not yet room for the exercise of your gentle humanity. Mrs. Marcour's fever and delirium, for this is the present state of her disorder, are very high; and the physician scarce ventures to give hope."

"I am sorry, indeed," Miss Campinet answered, with the quivering lip and moistened eye: "has she children?"

"Three."

"This is unfortunate; otherwise I know not but death may be a more desirable event to her, than life."

"So it appears to me, Miss Campinet; but as this is a circumstance in which we are not allowed to be guided by opinion, I have contrived to send information to St. Maloes, and hope, notwithstanding communication is stopped with France, I may still be able to  
get

get her conveyed thither in case of her recovery."

"One can scarce conceive a more distressing situation. I envy you, Sir, this monopoly of doing good; can you not oblige me, by permitting me to share with you in serving Mrs. Marcour?"

"Not at present, Miss Campinet; but if you can extend your charity to other objects, here I stand, ready to receive any portion of it."

"My charity is only for those who want," said Miss Campinet, smiling.

"I want," answered the gentleman.

Miss Campinet shook her head.

"You are incredulous, Miss Campinet; but to a man so little accustomed to it, dejection of spirits is a disorder, and relief from it, a want; you do, however, relieve me, whether you intend it or not. To see you, to look upon you, is to me a certain degree of happiness."

In

In the lovely cheeks of Miss Campinet arose the blush of apprehension.

“Nay, Miss Campinet,” he said, “do not, I beseech you, be angry. At least do not let me have the mortification of believing pride to be the cause of that anger.”

“Have I deserved this, Mr. Herm sprong?”

“Have you not been angry, Miss Campinet?”

“No—what could possibly make you imagine it?”

“Fear. I have seen sometimes a reserve—a forbidding reserve, I know not how to interpret.”

“Not how to interpret right. Reflect a moment: You know my father’s prejudice respecting you, Mr. Herm sprong. On his side, I have feared anger; on your’s, the imputation of ingratitude. As one or other of these opposite sentiments prevailed, I do not deny that my behaviour has not at times been inconsistent.”

“Amiable



“ Amiable candour ! No,—I never accused you of ingratitude. Your just and generous bosom is not a fit residence for such a guest. You are all excellence.”

“ Upon my word,” says Miss Fluart, just entering, “ it must be owned that if Mr. Hermsprong cannot flatter, he can say very agreeable things, now and then ; only that his powers seem rather limited as to their objects.”

“ Shall I exert them, and tell Miss Fluart she is every thing that is charming ?”

“ Do,” replied Miss Fluart, “ if the effort will not be absolutely insupportable.”

“ It is impossible to express how I desire to please ; but whilst I am saying agreeable things to one lady, I am saying disagreeable things to another—if another hears.”

“ Wretch !” said Miss Fluart.

“ My dear Miss Fluart, you should pity, not abuse me. Born and bred a savage, I was not early initiated in the noble art and science of flattery. I am learning as fast as I can, and then——”

“ And



“ And then you will have the goodness to say civil things to other poor girls; at present it is Miss Campinet alone——”

“ Whom I cannot flatter.”

“ For how can excellence be flattered ?”

“ I own it is a large, and may therefore be a suspected, expression of my respect and esteem for Miss Campinet.”

“ Yes,—respect and esteem—love cannot be one of the brotherhood; for he is the greatest of flatterers.”

“ And of fools—if we view him in the old romance; and in the new, he seldom obtains much of my reverence.”

“ You are a most sublime and incomprehensible person. Can any thing please you that mortal men and women do ?”

“ Yes, something; but allow for my defective education, and honour me with your instructions. My dear Miss Fluart, what is love ?”

“ Pshaw! a fiddlestick.”

“ A good comparison; so love produces harmony or discord according as it is handled.

Or what do you think of a top? which can stand no longer than whilst it has the vertigo."

"Pray, good Sir," said Miss Fluart, with a reverend curtsy, "may I take the liberty of enquiring your age?"

"Five and-twenty, mistress, come Childermas-day."

"Very early, Sir, to have imbibed so perfect a contempt of love."

"I, Miss Fluart,—I, the ardent votary of love,—despise it? What worse have I said of it, than that it is not immortal; and that when it dies, and leaves not behind it its best offspring, esteem and affection, no married pair have cause to erect a mausoleum to its memory?"

"Betwixt love and affection, Sir," said Miss Campinet, "you appear to make a nice distinction."

"A distinction without a difference," answered Miss Fluart.

"I

“ I am not to cater for other minds ; as far as I know my own sensations, I feel there is a real difference.”

“ Your own sensations ! I wish I could see them,” said Miss Fluart. “ I fancy I should see some out-of-the way things.”

“ Yes,” Mr. Hermsprong answered,—  
“ for example, love ; love for your fair self, bursting into flame the moment you were pleased to sprinkle it with a few drops of Cupid’s oil.”

“ And what for Miss Campinet ? Affection ?”

“ If affection conveys an idea of something as soft as love, and durable as life.”

“ And pray, Sir, is this your first declaration ?”

“ I have seldom seen Miss Campinet ; when I have, I must have made this declaration, though not in words.”

“ And when made in words, ought it not to have been whispered in the lady’s ear ?”

“ Why should love and truth be whispered ?”

“ That all people may not hear. Lord Grondale, for example.”

“ And why should he not hear ?”

“ Because it is probable he would say something not quite pleasant.”

“ What would he say ?”

“ Shall I say for him ?”

“ If you please.”

“ Young man,” says the lady, with a little imitation of the dignity and tone of Lord Grondale,—“ young man, it is a thing that appears to me a little extraordinary that you should make pretensions to my daughter ?”

“ What is there extraordinary in it, my Lord ? Every man’s daughter may be pretended to.”

“ Your presumption seems to have made you forget her rank and fortune.”

“ It is true ; I have thought only of herself.”

“ Do you know, Sir, there is not a nobleman in England who ought to disdain her alliance ?”



"Miss Campinet, my Lord, cannot be seen and disdained."

"And you, Sir, presume to aspire."

"I presume to love her, my Lord; the presumption of aspiring is really a phrase not within my comprehension."

"What, Sir! you suppose yourself her equal?"

"The poor word, my Lord, has been so used and abused, has been made to mean so many things it did not mean, that I do not chuse to have any thing to do with it."

"Do you pretend to be a man of family?"

"As good as your's, my Lord; and yet it never gave me a moment's exultation."

"And your fortune, Sir?"

"Above your Lordship's; for it is equal to my wishes, and superior to my wants."

"Sir, I must inform you, that your answers are vague and unsatisfactory; before I condescend to give you my daughter, I must have a more particular account of your family, Sir; of its alliances, Sir; and of your rent-roll."

“ Upon my word, my Lord, here is a great deal of difficulty in this country, to bring two people together who are unfortunate enough to have property. For my part, I have thought little of what your Lordship thinks so much. I have thought only that I was man, and she, woman,— lovely indeed, but still woman. Nature has created a general affinity between these two species of beings ; incident has made it particular betwixt Miss Campinet and me. In such situations, people usually marry ; so I consent to marry.”

“ You consent to marry ! really the tone is high.”

“ But that I love the gentle Desdemona, I would not my unhoused free condition put into circumscription and confine for the sea’s wealth.”

“ Oh, pray keep your unhoused free condition ; I promise you, you shall have no daughter of mine.”

“ I promise myself I shall.”

Miss

Miss Campinet could no longer restrain her inclination to laugh, which having indulged a few seconds, she said, "But is this peremptory *shall* of your's with Miss Campinet's consent, or without?"

"Certainly with," replied Hermsprong.

"Oh," says she, still laughing, "I was ignorant of that circumstance."

"I have faith and hope," the gentleman answered, "you will not long remain so."

"Till that point is cleared up," said Miss Fluart, "we had better defer what his Lordship has further to say."

The coming in of the rest of the family put an end to the conversation.

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## CHAP XXII.

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**I** MUST now carry my readers back to Grondale, to the consequence of the quarrel between the noble Peer and Mrs. Stone. That lady's spirited reply, though not very grateful to his pride, or the present state of his feelings, furnished him with an opportunity of resentment exactly adapted to his wishes. Accordingly, he resented with great dignity and prudent perseverance ; nor could the

the lady obtain admission to his presence by any submission she thought proper to make. In a few days, therefore, she left the Hall, in that sort of agreeable humour, which women, and men too, I believe, experience when they happen to be suddenly and rudely checked in the career of interest, of pride, or of vanity.

This affair, so happily terminated, gave his Lordship a renovation of spirits. He wrote Miss Fluart the news of this happy event; and was so courteous as to say that he should leave the choice of the future housekeeper to herself.

He was now more at leisure to consider his other equally important concern, how best to rid the country of that poison to his pride, that Hermsprong. Dr. Blick had been some weeks on duty at Winchester, so that unfortunately his Lordship was deprived of the very properest person possible to give advice on this occasion, for he would have



given it *con amore*, and quite to his Lordship's taste. Lord Grondale therefore was obliged to be content with what might be suggested by his own wisdom, and that of his attorney, Mr. Corrow, of whom I made honourable mention in a former chapter.

Mr. Corrow had a prodigious respect for Lord Grondale, and for money; and would have done for one, or both of them, any thing or every thing that the law, in any of its latitudes, would have enabled him to do. To press down to the earth, and under it, a poor man, is easy—it is the work of every day; but to make a man, with money in his purse, guilty of crimes he never committed, requires a superior fund of knowledge of the more tortuous parts of law, and superior intrepidity. Mr. Corrow did not care to promise too much, in a case which might possibly run counter to his prognostic; nor did he chuse to deprive his Lordship of hope, because law without hope, he knew,

was

was apt to come to an untimely end. He talked therefore about it, and about it, till his Lordship found himself well wearied, if not well informed; so he dismissed Mr. Corrow, with a promise of peculiar reward if, by his exertions, he should rid the country of a man so odious.

From this great object, however, his Lordship's thoughts were diverted for a time by the receipt of the following letter:—

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“ Though personally unknown to your Lordship, I request the honour of your Lordship's particular attention. It is possible the name of Sir Philip Chestrum may be unknown to your Lordship; but I presume your Lordship cannot be ignorant of the illustrious name of Raioule. The family of Chestrum is indeed new, the late Sir Peter being the creator of his own fortune; but the Raioules were the splendid sup-  
K 6 porters

porters of the dignity of the Nobility of England, from Richard Cœur de Lion to George the First; when the Earldom lapsed through defect of male issue, and the large family estates having been divided amongst five co-heiresses, have gone into other families, so that the illustrious name of Raioule is sunk and lost. I, a descendant of this noble family, was married by my parents to the late Sir Peter Chestrum, and bore him a son and heir, the present Sir Philip Chestrum, who joins great elegance of person and manners to high birth on the part of his mother, and high fortune on the part of his father; for his estate is 15,000*l.* a year. This young man has been captivated by Miss Campinet, your Lordship's daughter; and, from the flattering manner in which that charming young lady has been pleased to receive his addresses, has the highest hopes of success. This induces me to apply for your Lordship's approbation, on the receipt of which Sir Philip will wait upon your Lordship to confer upon settlements, and other matters requisite

requisite to precede so important an event. Expecting your Lordship's answer, I have the honour to be

“ Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

“ HENRIETTA CHESTRUM.”

“ P. S. Should your Lordship better like the illustrious names of Raioule or Campinet, I shall have no objection to Sir Philip's resigning that of Chestrum, and taking, by Act of Parliament, that which you approve.”

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There was something in this letter which a plain man of common sense and excitable lungs might have laughed at ; but to the noble sentiments of the noble Lord to whom it was addressed, it was perfectly congenial. I understand that in this island of Great-Britain, at the time I am now writing, birth  
is

is the first virtue, and money the second; some indeed may dispute the precedence; but all will allow that one or both are *sine qua nons*, without which virtue is not. Lord Grondale had both, and both were flattered by Lady Chestrum's letter. His Lordship's reply, therefore, was the most polite and gracious possible; and it expressed a sort of desire, that the business should be begun and ended with as little loss of time as might be agreeable and convenient to her Ladyship. It was Miss Campinet who suggested this; Miss Campinet, who would, his Lordship imagined, be rather a superfluity at Grondale, when he was at the top pinnacle of felicity by the possession of the charming Miss Fluart.

To the charming Miss Fluart he wrote also, and in a very lover-like strain; for he said, he counted the days and the hours till the time he might expect the return of his fair conquerante. This time, in pity to his sufferings, he hoped she would abridge, and  
do



do Miss Campinet the honour to return with her as soon as possible; because Lady Chestrum had made proposals which his Lordship very much approved, and had therefore required Miss Campinet's return, to receive Sir Philip's addresses. "For," added his Lordship, "it appertains to my honour and dignity, to marry my daughter properly and speedily, that she may not throw herself away upon that low fellow, that Hermsprong, whose impertinencies toward me still continue, or rather increase. For what, my dear Miss Fluart, do you think he has lately done? Set up a carriage; and under pretence of calling it Mrs. Garnet's, has presumed to put upon it a part of the arms of the house of Campinet."

His Lordship's last letter, on this important occasion, was to his daughter, whom he reproached with having received Sir Philip's addresses without his permission; which failure in point of duty, notwithstanding,  
he

he might be brought to overlook, in consideration of her happiness. Lastly, he fixed the time for her return.

Before we relate the effect of these letters, let us see what further had passed betwixt the enamoured Baronet and his fair enslaver.

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CHAP. XXIII.  


SIR PHILIP'S declaration we have seen in a former chapter; after the discovery of which to his mamma, her address to Lord Grondale, and his Lordship's answer, it did not occur to Sir Philip that any thing more was necessary on his part, than now and then to attend his sweet mistress, and to look kind and gracious.

At

At first, this was performed with the Baronet's usual abilities ; but the increasing intimacy betwixt the lady and Mr. Herm-sprong gave a shock to the kind heart of Sir Philip, and in the place of gracious *doux yeux*, produced looks of sullen gloom and fits of resentment.

This increase of intimacy was occasioned by the unfortunate Mrs. Marcour, who, when she recovered her recollection, was kindly visited by Miss Campinet and her friend ; and more than once, when Miss Fluart was less disposed to compassion, by Miss Campinet without her, on which occasions she was accompanied by Mr. Herm-sprong only. This alarming circumstance was whispered to Sir Philip by the generous Miss Sumelin, who, since her disappointment at Ostend, had sometimes permitted a little malignity to enter her gentle bosom ; and which was peculiarly excitable by Mr. Herm-sprong and Miss Campinet. Sir Philip, indeed, did not presume to complain,

plain, or indeed to speak at all to his mistress, more than common good manners demanded ; he was satisfied to view the fair form which so soon would be all his own ; and was by no means so solicitous to entertain his mistress alone, either on the subject of love, or his new discovered cause of complaint, as she was to avoid the giving him such opportunity ; not because she had the least conjecture of what was transacting, but because she did not like the concluding sentence of their last *tête-à-tête*.

So were things when Miss Campinet received her father's letter. It was astonishing ; not that she should be the subject of Lord Grondale's reproaches on any occasion, or no occasion at all ; but that she should receive Sir Philip Chestum's addresses so kindly, when she had not the least suspicion of having received any addresses at all.

It was morning when the letters were delivered, and the ladies were just going, under  
the



the escort of Mr. Hermsprong, to call upon Mrs. Marcour. They broke the seals without ceremony; and it must have been very amusing to Mr. Hermsprong to see laughter bursting from the coral lips of Miss Fluart, and indignation flashing from the blue eyes of Miss Campinet. As neither of them, however, chose to make Mr. Hermsprong acquainted with the cause of these different emotions, they were obliged to suppress them for the present, and proceed to the business of the morning.

Mrs. Marcour was now in lodgings a mile from the town, for the benefit of country air. On their return from this visit, they were overtaken by Sir Philip Chestrum's carriage, which stopped opposite to them, and from it alighted with unusual alacrity, Sir Philip himself, and in his hand the letter from Lord Grondale to Lady Chestrum.

"Now, Miss Campinet," said the gallant Baronet, "I hope I have got something to  
please

please you ; I hope you won't be so shy ; and that you will fancy my company as well as that gentleman's."

" Never," said Miss Campinet, with emphasis.

The Baronet stared and wondered.

" Is it to you, Sir Philip," said this young lady, with indignant scorn, " is it to you I am obliged for the information given me by my father, that I have received your addresses ?"

" But you seem to be angry, Miss," said Sir Philip ; " if I did, where was the harm ?"

" The harm lies in the falsehood," the lady answered.

" But where lies the falsehood ?" Sir Philip asked.

" Do you persist in it, Sir ? When, Sir, or where, did I either accept, or you offer me any addresses ?"

" Dear Miss, don't you remember ? It was last Monday was a fortnight. Stay, it was Tuesday ; for grey Bess tumbled down, and broke her knee as we went home, and next day

day we had the farrier, and that was Wednesday; you may see the scabs;" and Sir Philip pointed to grey Bess's knee.

This proof did not appear so satisfactory to Miss Campinet as Sir Philip probably expected; for she said with increasing scorn, "Answer my question, Sir."

Sir Philip stammered,—Miss Fluart laughed,—Mr. Hermsprong smiled; and Sir Philip, growing angry, said, "As to you, Miss Fluart, ladies may say any thing; but as to this gentleman, it is neither mannerly nor respectful for him to laugh at nothing."

"If a man laughs at nothing," Hermsprong answered, "what is there to be angry at?"

"But," said the Baronet, "I know you laughed at me."

"Then certainly, Sir, you do not suppose I laughed at nothing."

"I wonder what you can find to laugh at about me?"

"Vulgar

“Vulgar people, unaccustomed to elegance, might laugh at the profusion of ornament which decorates your person; and indeed Sir Philip Chestrum is always superabundantly genteel.”

“What signifies that to you, Sir? As if I did not pay for every thing I wear; and as if I wore any thing out of fashion. But this is only a put off. I desire you to tell me the truth.”

“You are a most pertinacious enquirer after truth, Sir Philip,” said Hermsprong, smiling. “Suppose I should have laughed at the idea of your having mistaken Lord Grondale for Miss Campinet, and, in consequence, of paying your first addresses not quite in the right place?”

“I say, Sir,” said the Baronet, and stopped, unable to articulate for anger and trepidation.

“At your leisure, Sir Philip,” said Hermsprong; “if you are not prepared to say now, take time.”

“Sir,”

“ Sir,” said the Baronet, in a rage, “ you are——”

“ Do not call names if you can help it, Sir Philip ; it subjects gentlemen sometimes to inconveniences.”

“ I never saw such an odd kind of man in my life,” said the Baronet ; “ you are enough to provoke a standing tree.”

“ Better provoke a forest than such a man as Sir Philip Chestrum,” said Hermsprong. “ Ladies, shall I entreat the favour of you to be walking on. I have an apology to make Sir Philip.”

The ladies went on.

“ I shan’t chuse to stay behind,” said Sir Philip.

“ What, not to hear my apology ?” replied Hermsprong.

“ That’s talking more like a gentleman,” said the Baronet, “ but the main point is to refrain keeping company with Miss Cam-pinet.”

“ A hard article, Sir.”

“ But



" But it must be ; for I am to marry her, and then it belongs to me to tell her who she is to keep company with."

" Husbands have great prerogatives I see. But till you are her husband, I should imagine she ought to be left to her own choice."

" But I think otherwise ; for evil communications corrupt good manners."

" What evil do you suppose I should communicate to her, Sir Philip ?"

" Nobody knows any thing about you here ; so you might tell her any thing, and she might take a liking to you."

" I am not afraid of that."

" But may be I may."

" What are your fears to me, Sir Philip ?"

" There—now you are off again. This is not talking like a gentleman."

" To talk like a gentleman is to tell Sir Philip Chestum that I will obey his commands."

" Why not ? I am a Baronet, am I not ?"

“ So they say. And your commands are, that I should not come into the presence of Miss Campinet ?”

“ Yes,—it’s what you ought not to do.”

“ And what is the consequence, if I should have the presumption to disobey ?”

Sir Philip, not approving this question, I suppose, did not answer.

“ Perhaps you will call me into the field of honour ?”

“ It may be I may,” said Sir Philip, assuming dignity.

“ It will be great honour to me to meet Sir Philip Chestrum there ; and since I am afraid I cannot dispose myself to obey his orders respecting Miss Campinet, the sooner the better.”

“ But,” said the Baronet, with a little trepidation, “ I shall not do you no such honour, as I don’t know whether you are a gentleman. John, draw up.” For there

was

was a sawed and painted railing, which divided the carriage from the foot road.

“ Good morrow, Sir Philip ! shall I carry your compliments to Miss Campinet ? ”

“ No,—I shall send them by no such person ; for I dare say you are no better than you should be.”

“ That I dare say too,” replied Herm-  
sprong.

“ Perhaps an Irish fortune-hunter ; or some such take-in gentleman,” said Sir Philip, making up to the stile.

“ One moment, Sir Philip, if you please. You have fallen into a little error of language, which I am desirous to correct you for ; and since you do not chuse to consider me as a gentleman, you will not complain that my correction is not perfectly polite. Do you chuse to be thrown over the rails, or whipped with nettles ? ”

“ I chuse neither,” said Sir Philip ;  
“ John, Thomas—murder ! ”

Hermsprong did not throw Sir Philip, he

only lifted him gently over the rails, and set him down softly on the other side ; at the same time said, " If I hear any more of these liberties of language, respecting Miss Campinet or myself, I shall correct them in a manner far less agreeable to you." But the footman had now leaped the railing, and was coming to his master's assistance.

" Friend," said Hermsprong, " I have no quarrel with you—keep yourself out of harm's way." The man, seeing his master safe, and probably not liking the rencontre, took quietly Mr. Hermsprong's advice.

Hermsprong was in an instant with the ladies, who had seen the transaction, though they had not heard the dialogue. He found Miss Fluart laughing—Miss Campinet in terror.

" You have terrified me exceedingly," said the latter lady ; " Mr. Hermsprong, do you consider consequences ?"

" In

“ In these pleasant fallies of humour,” Hermsprong replied, “ one seldom does consider consequences. Does Miss Campinet suppose some terrible ones are to arise from Sir Philip’s resentment ? Will he swear the peace against me ?”

“ He will bring his action of assault and battery,” said Miss Fluart.

“ Then, my dear Miss Fluart, you will be my evidence I did not beat him.”

“ Of Sir Philip,” said Miss Campinet, “ I do not think ; his ideas of revenge will probably be, like all his ideas, mean and inconsequential. But is there no other person of whom Mr. Hermsprong might reasonably be afraid ?”

“ None,” replied the gentleman.

“ May not all this go misrepresented and aggravated to Lord Grondale ?”

“ Of what consequence is that to me ?” asked Hermsprong.

“ Mr. Hermsprong,” said Miss Campinet, with a degree of solemnity, “ you have  
L 3  
been



been lately endeavouring to persuade me you entertain an affection for me."

"And in this persuasion, my dear Miss Campinet, I hope I have succeeded."

"How can I think you desire it, Sir, when upon no occasion you take the trouble to conceal your contempt of my father?"

"I think not of your father; it is you, not him, I love; from you I expect my happiness, not him."

"In this country," said Miss Fluart, "fathers of rank and fortune especially, have great powers over their children."

"They have indeed, if they have the power to direct or controul their affections," said Hermsprong.

"Perhaps," Miss Fluart replied, "they do not reach that point quite; but pray is not Love a much more lively and lovely gentleman when he has golden wings?"

"I have not the honour to know Love with golden wings."

"Let

“ Let us descend :—Lord Grondale has great efficient powers in his strong box ; such as Love, airy as he is, may need.”

“ I cannot condescend to mix the idea of strong boxes, with felicity and Caroline Campinet.”

“ You are a sublime mortal ; but do you know a lady called Prudence ?”

“ I hope I do.”

“ And will she allow Miss Campinet to give up a splendid fortune for love and Mr. Hermsprong ?”

“ If that is a necessary consequence, I hope she will.”

“ On the part of Miss Campinet, I presume this requires a tolerable portion of humility.”

“ Not more, I hope, than Miss Campinet possesses.”

“ To ladies who have been brought up in affluence and splendour, they are said to become necessities of life.”

“ Affluence may be Miss Campinet's, as high, if she pleases, as she herself can wish ;

but if grandeur, in its usual glittering forms, be to her a necessary of life, I fear it is not mine to supply it. Millions of revenue would not make me exchange the comforts of life for its parade. I have seen splendour in all its fantastic forms, till I sickened at the idea. Give me, Heaven ! any life, but the life of grandeur."

"Friend," said Miss Fluart, "with these sentiments you ought to look no higher for a wife than a barber's daughter."

"I have one better hope," answered the gentleman."

"And that one?" said Miss Fluart.

"Caroline Campinet," replied Hermsprong.

"Have I," Miss Campinet asked, "ever given such hope?"

"I know not," he replied, "whether you have given, or whether I have stolen it from you. That I have it is certain, and it is certain also no power but that of Miss Campinet can take it from me."

"Mr. Hermsprong," said this young lady, with a more serious air than usual,  
"that

“ that I esteem you much, I own ; but if you imagine that I can, in your favour, disregard my duties——”

“ I ask no sacrifice of duty,” Mr. Herm-  
sprong answered, “ nor any sacrifice except  
of prejudice. In return, Miss Campinet will  
not require of me the sacrifice of my inte-  
grity to pride ; or meaner still, to money.”

The entrance into the town prevented far-  
ther conversation.

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CHAP. XXIV.  
  


IT was now become necessary for the ladies to communicate to each other their respective letters from Lord Grondale. Miss Fluart was kindly angry for her friend; Miss Campinet was kindly sorry for her's, whose affair with her father she thought was becoming awfully serious. On expressing this apprehension, Miss Campinet received an answer quite characteristic from her fair friend.

“ To



“To serious girls, like you,” said Miss Fluart, “this affair might be vastly embarrassing; to mad creatures, like myself, it is nothing. All things, as Sir Philip says, are to be put up with from young ladies, especially if they are wild and handsome. As oft as his Lordship indulged himself in making love to me, I took care to inform him, that I did believe I never could bring my mind to marry him. I shall write, to renew his memory on this head; and to give him the pleasing intelligence that this mind continues as foolish and obstinate as ever. Think not of me, my dear, but of yourself. It is probable Lord Grondale may indulge himself in a little persecution, as you will call it; though to me it would be pastime. Had I a father who took it in his head to marry me to a man I disliked, were he as stern as old Cato, I should say, Venerable Sir, it is I who am to be married, not you; it is I who am to bear his follies and his humours by day and by night, not you; it is altogether my own affair, and ought to be re-

gulated by my own feelings. I allow you have a right to advise, and I give you leave to advise, provided you do it quietly. But I tell you beforehand, I will not take it, if it be to throw myself away upon that odious Sir Chestrum ; or not to throw myself away upon that Hermsprong——”

“ Stop, dear whimsical girl, stop ; and tell me if you think I am likely to throw myself away upon this last named gentleman.”

“ Why, you know, my dear, the man says he will have you. I do think he is an obstinate person ; and how you will be able to resist the man, and his obstinacy too, I do not know.”

“ You think me favourably disposed to him ?”

“ Yes, rather.”

“ And you think that disposition strong enough to make me risk Lord Grondale’s displeasure, and its consequences ?”

“ Yes,—all but one.”

“ Pray

“ Pray favour me with your opinion of Mr. Hermsprong.”

“ He is moderately tall.”

“ Pshaw !”

“ Tolerably handsome.”

“ I care not !”

“ Rather genteel too, if he would dress more en coxcomb.”

“ Can you praise him no better ?”

“ I have given him all the attributes which carry our daughters of blood and ton so fast into Scotland ; what would the girl have ?”

“ I had rather hear of the attributes of his mind ; his good sense ; his knowledge ; his cool, collected fortitude ; his intrepidity ; his contempt of meanness ; his sentiments so noble, so exalted, so soaring above the reach of common minds.”

“ Very good, my dear. Yes, you will be able, by prayer and fasting, to risk all consequences. I wish, however, we knew something of his birth, parentage, and education ;—or are you willing to take him, as they advertise for stolen goods, and no questions asked ?”

“ I

“ I am not so far advanced, Maria. That I esteem him, I own ; so much, perhaps, that it would be difficult for me to make another choice ; but between esteeming and taking there is some difference. I wish for happiness, and shall not chuse to risk it by imprudence.”

“ Especially the imprudence of losing a Duchess’s revenue ?”

“ If by this I lost only the freaks of greatness, I think I could be comforted.”

“ You are an apt scholar, my dear, and take your philosophy very fast ; if you can get enough of it to overcome female vanity, you will have done a wonderful thing ; something like a miracle, I believe.”

“ Does it appear so difficult to conquer that vanity which is to be gratified only by things one does not want ?”

“ Not want ? Change the expression my dear ; vanity creates almost as great wants as hunger, and much more teasing.”

“ If

" If I can contrive to want the vanity, I can make shift, perhaps, without the gratification."

" Yes—if love can expel vanity, one need not complain of its weakness."

" I will talk no more to such a perverter of meanings; let us mind our business."



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CHAP XXV.  
  
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THIS business was writing to Lord Grondale — a most arduous task to Miss Campinet. She desired to write dutifully; but there was a certain degree of indignation which rather weakened the expression. She wished to assure Lord Grondale she never had encouraged Sir Philip, and this was easy;—but she also desired to say explicitly and dutifully, that she never would; and she found this an insurmountable difficulty. The
English

English language did not supply words to express what she meant, without conveying, at the same time, a sort of intention to have a will of her own—an offence she feared her father would be little inclined to pardon. She confined herself, therefore, to informing his Lordship that she detested Sir Philip Chestum, and always must detest him, for endeavouring to impose upon her father with a direct falsehood.

Miss Fluart, far from being embarrassed, with her accustomed playfulness, wrote as follows:—

“ MY LORD,

“ Your Lordship’s favour of the 14th would have been more agreeable to me, if it had not been quite so loving, and written upon the supposition that your Lordship and I had absolutely agreed to intermarry with one another, as they say at Doctor’s Commons ;

mons ;—whereas, your Lordship will be so good to remember, the agreement was only conditional—that is, if I could bring myself into a proper and wife-like affection for your Lordship ; which condition being not done and performed, the obligation to marry, as your Lordship knows, becomes null and void. To be sure I endeavour to conquer this little difficulty ; and if I am so fortunate as to succeed, I will send an express to your Lordship with the agreeable intelligence.

“ I really do not know what to say respecting Mr. Hermsprong’s putting any part of your Lordship’s arms on Mrs. Garnet’s carriage. If he has sinned against the sacred laws of heraldry, your Lordship does not want the inclination to punish him. What but silly things can be expected from a young man, who throws away his money upon gauds for old women ?

“ Your Lordship requires Miss Campinet to return, in order to receive the addresses of
Sir

Sir Philip Chestrum. I would recommend to your Lordship to receive these addressees yourself; for if they are offered to Caroline in person, they must inspire her with invincible disgust; and this is not the state of mind in which so just and tender a father as your Lordship would wish a daughter should marry. Indeed, my Lord, there should be a little affection, if it be no more than sufficient to prevent a nausea, which possibly might affect an elegant young woman upon the pawings of a bear or a monkey. You know, my Lord, this is what I am waiting for; and when it comes, I am ready. But indeed, and indeed, I must wait till it does come; and so ought all sober-minded young women, like

‘Your Lordship’s most obedient servant,

“MARIA FLUART.”

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

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THESE letters being sent to the post, Miss Fluart sat down to dress—Miss Campinet to think. Twenty minutes had scarce passed in these operations, when Miss Fluart broke in upon her friend's reverie with this abrupt question: "Pray, my dear, what did Mr. Hermsprong mean by saying that Miss Campinet might, if she pleased, have affluence as large as woman's wish?"

"Indeed,"



"Indeed," replied her fair friend, "I do not know. Perhaps we misunderstood the expression. Perhaps it might be a flight of sentiment, meaning nothing more than that if Miss Campinet would not wish for wealth, she might have as much as she desired."

"You are quite ingenious in your explanation," said Miss Fluart; "but it is not quite satisfactory, child. May I not take the liberty to ask him?"

"By no means," answered her fair friend. "It would appear as if I were really looking forward to a connexion with Mr. Herm-sprong; and I would not have him suppose I am employed about any such consideration."

"Ah, my dear! but how if he supposes such a wicked thing without your permission?"

"Then, if he is disappointed, he will not have a just cause of accusation against me."

"No, it will be all against his stars; and perhaps, Caroline, you may be rather angry at your's. However, if your delicacy has de-  
clared

clared war against your curiosity, mine have not quarelled, and I shall certainly set him to talk of his forefathers, this day, upon our walk to Mrs. Marcour's."

Miss Campinet was going to be urgent with Miss Fluart, not to hazard such a step, when, instead of the gentleman, they received from him the following note:—

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"Mr. Hermsprong's compliments to Miss Campinet and Miss Fluart,—a little necessity detains him from them and happiness, possibly for the whole day; if so, to-morrow he hopes will not treat him as to-day will have done."

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The ladies had now another turn given to their curiosity. What could be the necessity? Was it another of his benevolencies? What could be the object? They wished for

dinner ; they wished for Mr. Sumelin, who probably might know his engagement. But neither did he come ; and the sun set upon their curiosity, and the moon gave them not the light they wanted.

Mr. Sumelin, the next morning at breakfast, seemed disposed to be grave, sententious, and laconic. He expected questions, and he had them.

Mrs. Sumelin, in a querulous tone, said, " You came home monstrous late, Mr. Sumelin."

" Yes, monstrous late, Mrs. Sumelin."

" I suppose you spent your evening, as usual, at the tavern ?"

" As usual, at the tavern."

" I think you'll live there after a while ?"

" Any thing to oblige you, my dear."

" I wonder what it is that makes taverns more agreeable to gentlemen than their own houses ?"

" Love

“ Love of independence, Madam.”

“ Pray,” Miss Fluart asked, “ had you Mr. Herm sprong ?”

“ No.”

“ You did not see him yesterday ?”

“ Yes, I did.”

“ Pray where ?”

“ At Justice Saxby’s.”

Miss Campinet gave a little start.

“ On justice business, may one ask ?” said Miss Fluart.

“ On justice business ; Herm sprong the delinquent.”

Another start.

“ What had he done ?” Miss Fluart asked.

“ Maliciously, contumaciously, *vi et armis*, he had thrown over rails into the high road, no less a man than a Baronet of this realm—no less a man than Sir Philip Chestrum ; and put him in fear of his life.”

“ Oh dear !” said Miss Sumelin, “ was ever any thing so shocking ?”

“ I

"I always said he was a headstrong young man," said Mrs. Sumelin. "And so I suppose they have sent him to jail; and to be sure he deserves it."

Mr. Sumelin did not reply to this. Miss Campinet's feat seemed uneasy. She set down her cup.

"What is your opinion of him, Harriet?" Mr. Sumelin asked.

"Sir, I always thought him a very proud man."

"And you, Charlotte?"

"I have seen so little of him," said this good-natured girl, "that I have only had time to remark his good qualities."

"Well, Miss Fluart?"

"He must have some bad qualities, Sir, for he is a man; but really I have not yet made a catalogue."

"Shall I have the honour of your opinion, Miss Campinet?"



“ Whatsoever may be his faults, Sir, I think his virtues predominate.”

“ It is evident that Mrs. Sumelin and Harriet are the best judges ; for he is bound over to his good behaviour, and I am his surety for peaceable demeanour. But here he comes ; and I leave him to your correction. Sir, you have friends here, who are so good as to own that you have faults. One thinks you have a hot head ; another that you have pride in it. Others have not yet dissected you. Carry your cup as even as you can here, Sir ; for if these swear the peace against you, ten to one they will require other bonds than mine for their protection.”

“ Keep me, Sir, in happy ignorance,” said Hermsprong, “ to whom, in this charming society, I have the misfortune to be disagreeable.”

“ Be ignorant, if you can,” said Sumelin, as he retired. But indeed the happy lot of ignorance was denied him, merely because he did not take the precaution to shut his eyes.

“ I

"I hope," said Hermsprong, "you are not disposed to punish Mrs. Marcour for my faults; nor me so heavily as not to permit my attendance."

"I think, Caroline," said Miss Fluart, rising to put on her cloak, "I think that punishment would be too grievous even for this sinful offender."

Miss Campinet seemed to think so also, for she rose to prepare for departure. Poor Charlotte looked as if she wished it too; but Mrs. Sumelin said, she could not possibly spare her this morning.

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MAN AS HE IS,

IN FOUR VOLUMES, PRICE 12s. SEWED.

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OPINION OF THE REVIEWERS.

The materials and texture of this Novel are so superior to those of which this species of writing is in general composed, that we lament extremely having so long neglected to peruse it, and announce its merits to the public. The author, who possesses a sound, discriminating, and improved mind, has drawn his characters, not from the mere suggestions of fancy, as is usual with writers of this class, but from a clear, distinct, and judicious view of their archetypes, as they exist in nature. In conformity to the title of his work, he has represented "*Man as he is*," and seems to have taken Fielding and Le Sage for his models; but he has contrived to render his scenes contributory to the purposes of virtue, morality, and happiness. The story is finely conceived, and the narrative of it so easy and artless, that it assumes the appearance of true history.



